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The Mercury

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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the only one printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business concerns.

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Local Matters

THE BROADWAY PAVEMENT

Work by the public service corporations on Broadway continues and the street is in about as bad condition as possible. The Water Works and the Telephone Company are actively engaged in renewing their underground service, and when they have finished, the street will probably be torn up again to allow the gas mains to be installed, followed by repairs to the tracks of the two street railways.

As the telephone excavations progress on the east side of Broadway, it is interesting to examine the character of the pavement that has been previously laid. In some cases the pavement extends downward six inches, before the clay is reached, while in others the clay comes to within an inch or two of the very top, so that the actual pavement consists of but the thickness of one crushed stone.

The wonder is not that the pavement wears out, but that it has stood up through even one winter. With the underground conditions that exist on Broadway, a crushed stone foundation three feet in depth would be none too much to insure permanence. If the new pavement has no better foundation than the old, the street will soon be in as bad condition as it is today, and the appropriation could just as well be dumped into the harbor.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

A special meeting of the School Committee was held on Thursday evening for the purpose of closing up some of the business incidental to the end of the school year. Mr. Frank E. Thompson, headmaster emeritus of the Rogers High School, was elected head of the mathematics department of that school. The salary of Headmaster Fred P. Webber was fixed at \$3300, and of Sub-master Fred W. Johnstone at \$2800. A few transfers were made in members of the teaching force in other schools.

The school committee is in disagreement with the board of health, regarding the re-admission of pupils detained by illness. The school committee wants them re-admitted upon recommendation of the regular school physicians, while the health board insists that the physician to the board handle all such cases. The committee has sent an inquiry to the city solicitor regarding the relative powers of the board of health and the school committee in such cases.

INJURED BY PISTOL SHOT

There was a mysterious shooting affair on the evening of the Fourth of July, which may have a serious effect upon the victim. While it is probable that the accident was part of the celebration of the day, the police are conducting a rigid investigation to discover who fired the shot.

Miss Emily Gray, accompanied by her landlady, stepped out on the roof of the porch of her boarding place on Broadway at the foot of Mann avenue to watch the fireworks. After a few moments she suddenly collapsed, and physicians who were summoned found that a pistol bullet had pierced her abdomen. She was taken to the Newport Hospital and is now suffering a great deal of pain. There is a possibility that the bullet penetrated a kidney, which would have serious results.

Superintendent of Schools Herbert W. Lull will soon join his family at No. Weare, N. H., for the summer vacation.

FOURTH OF JULY

Wednesday was Independence Day and in spite of the fact that the weather was far from favorable, there was an immense crowd of visitors in the city. The auto was the most popular form of transportation, and at times it was difficult to find parking space at the Beach, where every available foot of roadway was taken for a long distance. The highways were thronged with cars throughout the afternoon and evening, and the East Road was merely a procession of cars during which it was practically impossible to pass. However, the steamboats and trolley cars all brought good-sized parties, and the local cars were well patronized. During the heavy shower of the afternoon there was a lively scampering for cover at all exposed points, and many persons were thoroughly drenched, as the shower broke very suddenly.

There was not much of a celebration of a public nature during the day. The city had only \$500 to spend and this was invested in prizes for various sports and in band concerts. There was a cutter race in the harbor in the morning which attracted considerable attention, and some people were drawn to the parks for the afternoon sports, but the rain interfered with them considerably. There were no fireworks and no street parade.

The annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati was held at the old State House, and the present officers were re-elected for another year. In the afternoon the public exercises in honor of the day were held at the same place, when the principal address was delivered by Mr. Marion Eppley. The singing of "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was a feature of the program. In the evening the Society held its annual banquet at the Casino.

The day was reasonably noisy, as the small boy was always at hand with his explosives, but the fire department had little to do.

THE TELEPHONE STRIKE

The telephone strike is still on, although the service in the local exchange continues to improve. The old operators and the new recruits have stuck to their posts in spite of the efforts to drive them out, and the public has little reason for complaint at the quality of the service. Local Manager, Walter A. Wright, has been on the job night and day, heartening his forces and providing for their comfort.

One of the most dastardly outrages ever committed in this city took place early Wednesday morning, when special deputies engaged to guard the telephone property were attacked by a crowd of strike sympathizers and badly injured. The attack appeared to be in two sections. During the night a shower of rocks was hurled into the yard of the Telephone Company, apparently in the hope of injuring the guards. In the early morning, when two of the guards were on their way to their boarding places after finishing their day's work, they were suddenly attacked by a party of young men who came out from behind the old Lawton barns on Spring street, and assailed them with stones. Both men were badly injured in the first attack, but drove their assailants off at the point of their guns, without firing a shot. Then they proceeded to the Perry House, where a physician was summoned and their injuries were dressed.

SUPERIOR COURT

Monday was motion day in the Superior Court, with Judge Sumner presiding. There was a hearing in William Williams vs. Fischel David, to recover on alleged contract to pay plaintiff \$1,000 if he would assist in securing the city garbage contract for the defendants. Bill of particulars was ordered to be filed.

Joseph F. Sullivan vs. Archie Barker et al. was heard at some length. This was in regard to an injunction restraining the Almy Coal Company from removing coal handling apparatus from its yard on Swinburne's wharf. Plaintiff claimed that this was included in a sale to him, while defendants claimed that it was not. It was finally agreed that the property should be allowed to remain pending a trial on the merits of the case, Sullivan giving a bond of \$6000 to pay for the property if he loses his claim to it.

Mrs. George W. Smith and her young son are here from Camden, N. J., to visit Mrs. Smith's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Wood.

Captain George F. Cottrell is confined to his apartment by illness.

TORPEDO STATION LAY-OFF

While the civilian employees of the Torpedo Station who retain their places are pleased at the substantial increase in wages allotted to them, there are many who would have preferred to continue at the old rate, because of the fact that they are now entirely out of jobs. The Navy department allowed a certain specific amount of money to run the station during the month of July, which would have been ample to maintain all the employees on their jobs on the old wage scale. But the Naval Wage Board, which had been considering the question of wages for some time, announced a general increase for the men at the Newport Station of approximately ten per cent, and that immediately caused a reduction in the number of persons among whom the gross amount was to be divided.

The announcement of the increase was made last Saturday. Then there was a hustling to see how many men would have to go in order to keep the total payroll within the amount available. As soon as this was determined, the records were looked over and then the leading men were notified and hastily passed around among the men, notifying those who were to be laid off. The time was very short, as the week's work closed at noon, and some of the men had only a few minutes in which to pick up and sever their connection with the Station. Some were single and fool-loose, but others had families to support and very little money ahead to see them through the emergency. The total reduction in forces amounted to 53 men, of whom 35 were machinists, and the others were pretty well divided among the various crafts. The machinists received an increase in pay from 72 to 80 cents an hour, and this was about the average, but the electricians were cut five cents an hour.

SIX FATALITIES

Much excitement was caused in Newport, by the announcement that several fatalities had occurred on the destroyer Williamson, attached to the Newport Station, and which had left the harbor but a few hours before the accident occurred. Six deaths occurred, and several other members of the crew are now at the Naval Hospital in this city, still suffering severely. The accident was on Saturday last.

A flare-back from the furnaces, caused by a chapter of minor accidents, filled the fireroom with a mass of flame, which was the cause of the fatalities. As soon as the men could be dragged out they were taken to a place of safety, but the heat was so great that the dead could not be removed until the destroyer had come back to port. Wireless messages were sent ahead, and the Naval Hospital authorities were in readiness when the vessel arrived. There the living were given tender treatment, after receiving first aid from the ship's doctor, while the dead were prepared for burial. Two deaths occurred after the men were taken to the Hospital.

This is the most serious accident that has occurred on a naval vessel in this vicinity for many years. A naval court is looking into the cause of the accident.

There was an interesting and pleasing ceremony at the Armory of the Newport Artillery Company on Tuesday evening, when a new National flag and a new Company Standard were presented to the Company by Miss Mary E. Powell and Mr. Marion Eppley. Both made stirring addresses and the colors were gracefully received by Lieutenant Colonel Krieger in behalf of the Company. Miss Powell had presented some fifty years ago, the colors that the Company had carried up to the present time.

The formal opening of the Wanumetonomy Golf and Country Club was held on Wednesday, July 4th, and although the dampness of the atmosphere at times interfered with outdoor activities, the club house was a busy place all day. There were several competitive events arranged, and these attracted considerable attention. At noon a luncheon was served, and there was dancing during the afternoon and evening. A display of fireworks after dark attracted considerable attention.

The Park Commission has arranged for the public band concerts on the parka beginning July 10, and continuing each Tuesday and Thursday evening. The concerts this year will be divided equally between the Municipal Band and the Fort Adams Band.

CAPTAIN JAMES J. LEARY

Captain James J. Leary, who was placed on the retired list of the police department last winter, was found dead in bed at his home on Callender avenue Wednesday morning, having passed away quietly while asleep. His sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends. He had been in apparently his usual health and had been out as usual on Tuesday evening. Death was due to heart trouble. Captain Leary served as Captain of the police force from August, 1915, to December, 1922, when he was retired for disability by Mayor Mahoney. He was appointed to the force in 1897 by Mayor Boyle, and went through the troublous times of the Spanish War days with a number of other active young officers who were appointed at about the same time. At that time there were many strangers in the city, including many recruits at Fort Adams, and as the sale of liquor was unrestricted, there were many lively scraps on the street at night, so that the younger officers were assigned to the dangerous posts. In this work Captain Leary bore his full share.

His record in the department was an excellent one. He was of a very friendly and genial disposition and had a host of friends.

Captain Leary was a son of Mrs. Margaret Leary. He is survived by a widow, one daughter, Miss Irene Leary, and two sons, Messrs. James J. and Edmund Leary. He was born in Newport fifty-one years ago.

Mayor Sullivan has ordered the members of the force to wear a mourning badge for a period of fifteen days.

BEACH LEASE UPHOLD

The Rhode Island Supreme Court has handed down a decision in the Newport Beach Lease matter, which reverses the decision of the lower court, and finds for the lessees in every particular. This seems to finally settle the matter and the Newport Beach Association plans to go ahead with its improvements just as soon as possible, which will probably be immediately after the close of the summer season.

At the hearing before Judge Barrows in the Superior Court some months ago, the finding of the Court was that the City had a right to lease the Beach, but that the terms of the lease were not in "substantial compliance" with the instructions of the representative council. The Supreme Court apparently looks at the duties of the board of aldermen and the representative council from a slightly different angle. It finds that the board of aldermen, in its capacity as successor of "town and city council," had authority to lease the Beach; that the term of the lease was not unreasonable in consideration of the amount of money to be invested by the lessees within the first ten years; and that the lease was in "substantial compliance" with the recommendations of the Beach Commission.

This decision ends a contest that has been in the courts for several years.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, the members devoted a considerable time to the monotonous task of drawing the list of jurors for the fiscal year.

Mayor Sullivan read a letter from Secretary Denby of the Navy regarding the sale of buildings at the Coddington Point extension. The Secretary explained that there was no necessity for the buildings for training purposes and that the cost of maintaining and guarding the buildings made it unjustifiable to retain them longer.

A large amount of routine business was transacted, and at the conclusion of the regular session the board went into conference with the City Engineer in regard to the Broadway pavement.

An automobile in which City Clerk Fullerton and City Engineer Easton were on their way to Providence on Tuesday, skidded and overturned near Sprague street in Portsmouth. The occupants were thrown out, but escaped injury, and the car itself was not seriously damaged.

There was only one fire alarm on the Fourth, and this was a still during the evening for a rubbish fire on Girard avenue. Probably the wet conditions everywhere had much to do with making the city immune from fires, as there was the usual quantity of explosives in use.

SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

At the annual meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati in the State of Rhode Island, held at the old State House on the morning of Independence Day, the following officers were re-elected:

President—Bishop James DeWolf Perry, Jr.

Vice President—Philip Livingston.

Secretary—Edward Aborn Greene.

Assistant Secretary—George Thurston Spicer.

Treasurer—Thomas Arnold Pierce.

Assistant Treasurer—Thomas Gardner Stevens Turner.

Chaplain—Bishop James Henry Darlington.

Marshal of the Society—George Greene Carpenter.

Member Standing Executive Committee of General Society—Bishop Perry.

Delegates to the General Society—Bishop Perry, Sylvanus Albert Reed, Edward Aborn Greene, Philip Livingston, Thomas Arnold Pierce.

Five members have died during the past year: Eben Moore Flagg, D. D., D. D. S., Wellesley, Mass.; Walter Channing, M. D., Brookline, Mass.; Rev. Daniel Goodwin, D. D., East Greenwich; LeBaron Bradford Prince, Flushing, N. Y., and Richard Henry Williams, Princeton, N. J.

At the public exercises in the State House in the afternoon, Bishop Perry, President of the Society, presided. The usual ceremonial feature of a guard of honor from the Artillery Company, clad in the Colonial uniform, attracted considerable attention. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes offered prayer, followed by an introductory address by Bishop Perry.

The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Charles Gott Rogers, after which Mr. Augustus Franklin Arnold sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill," accompanied by Mr. Albert Ross Parsons. The principal address was delivered by Mr. Marion Eppley, who spoke on the comparative conditions today and at the time of the Revolution, showing that there was the same lack of harmony in those days as today, and that it is useless to await the birth of any one man to lead us out of our difficulties.

The evening banquet was served at the Casino with the customary thirteen toasts.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Marriage of Miss Terry and Mr. Joseph B. Silvia.

St. Anthony's Church was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Miss Mary Terry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Terry, became the bride of Mr. Joseph B. Silvia, son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Silvia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Ward. The bride's gown was of white georgette with veil caught with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white carnations. The groom's sister, Miss Mary M. Silvia, acted as bridesmaid and wore pink crepe de chine with picture hat to match and carried sweet peas. The brother of the groom, Mr. John B. Silvia, Jr., was the best man. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace, and to the best man gold cuff links. The bridesmaid received a string of pearls. A reception was held at the home of the groom's parents on Wapping Road after which the couple left for New York. The bride's travelling gown was of blue with hat to match.

Miss Edna Corey of Tiverton has secured the position as teacher of the sixth grade at the Berkeley School for the ensuing year. She will succeed Miss Margaret K. Donovan, who has recently resigned.

Mrs. Vernon Dennis has had as guest her brother-in-law, Mr. George Dennis of Muncie, Ind.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Jr., who has been at the Newport Hospital for the past four weeks, suffering from a broken pelvis bone and broken leg, as the result of a motorcycle accident, has been taken to the home of his parents on Honeyman Hill. He is still confined to his bed, but is improving.

Mrs. Joseph Lewis, who has been spending the past two months in Fayal, has returned to this country and will be at her home in this town soon.

Miss Gladys Peckham, who is a student at the Rhode Island State College, has taken up her duties at the Community Center playground in Newport.

Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, leader of the Berkeley Sewing Club, with the five girls of the Club, have returned from the State Wide Club Work Camp at the Rhode Island State College to their homes in this town. The five girls were Alice Santos, Marjorie Chase, Marjorie Simmons, Pauline Peckham and Mabel Peckham. Classes in sewing, cooking, serving meals, house and bird tours for the girls were held with members of the college faculty as instructors, as was poultry, dairy and gardening classes for boys. The Middletown

girls gave an exhibition of the Indian fire workers. The classes were in charge of the Home Demonstration Agent, Mrs. Ruth Cruikshank, formerly Miss Ruth Murray, who was at one time Home Demonstration Agent of the Newport County Farm Bureau.

A Ford automobile ran into the bank at Slate Hill Farm, Mr. Edgar Phelps' home, completely ruining the machine, on Fourth of July.

Rev. Allen Jacobs, who was formerly rector of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches, has returned to his home in Logan, Utah, after a visit here with friends.

At the June meeting of Aquidneck Grange the resignation of the lecturer, Miss Julia Paquin, was received. It was voted to give the proceeds of the Pomona supper to the treasurer of the building fund.

Mrs. Lewis B. Plummer, who has been seriously ill and under the care of a trained nurse, is improving.

Rev. and Mrs. James H. S. Fair have gone to New Jersey, where they will spend the summer with relatives. The evening services at the Berkeley parish house will be discontinued through the summer.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Bishop Perry Makes Annual Visitation

Bishop Perry made his annual visitation at St. Paul's Church recently, and confirmed a class of candidates. Those in the class were: Mr. and Mrs. William S. Hedley, J. H. Sturgis Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Thomas. The Bishop was guest at supper of the Young People's Club of St. Paul's parish, in the parish house.

Mr. Isaac Chase, who has been spending the Fourth with Mrs. Chase on East Main Road, has been operated on at the Naval Hospital for the removal of his tonsils and adenoids.

The Portsmouth fire apparatus was called out on Tuesday evening to attend a fire in the barn on the estate of Mrs. Letitia Freeborn on Power street. Later in the night, they were called to a fire in Little Compton.

A number of automobile accidents occurred on Wednesday. The traffic was very heavy, in spite of the bad weather. One automobile, a Ford, lost its rear end at Sandy Point avenue. A Buick seven-passenger touring car ran into another machine at Cossy Corner Wednesday morning and was completely wrecked. The driver, a letter carrier of Newport, was arrested.

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen have had as guests Mrs. Allen's brother, Mr. Isaac P. Greene and Mrs. Greene and their son of Edgewood, R. I.

Rev. and Mrs. Edward Kelsey and family, who have been spending the past five years in Palestine, have returned and have been guests of friends here recently. They will make their home in Richmond, Ind. Rev. Mr. Kelsey was formerly the pastor of the Friends' Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold DeBlois have had as guests Miss Edith Appleton and Mr. Robert Lewis of Boston.

The officers and members of Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R., attended the morning service at St. Paul's Church last Sunday, by invitation of the rector, Rev. Charles J. Harriman.

The Sewing Circle of the Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., met recently at the home of Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham. A meeting of the degree team was held at Oakland Hall on Thursday evening in charge of Drillmaster, Mr. Robert M. Pike, Jr.

Miss Lillian F. Lawton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton, of Westfield, Mass., is ill at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Brayton. Little Miss Lillian recently underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital, where she had her tonsils and adenoids removed. She is now ill with bronchial pneumonia. Her sister, Miss Louise M. Lawton, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Abner P. Lawton, in Providence.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening at the Methodist parish house.

Mrs. Almina E. Tallman has had as guests her granddaughters, Misses Josephine and Elizabeth Tallman, and Miss Elsie Coggeshall, of Wakefield, R. I.

Misses Elizabeth and Adda Trout have returned to their home at the Friends' Parsonage, after spending two months in Cincinnati, O., and other places.

St. Paul's Guild met at the parish house on Friday afternoon to work on articles for the annual lawn party which will be held soon.

The strawberry supper, which was given on the lawn of St. Mary's rectory last week by the G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish, was well attended and an excellent supper was served.

The Wayside Garden was opened for its seventh season on Tuesday. A new building has been erected on the other side of the road, so that now there is a beautiful display of fruit, vegetables and preserves on either side of the road. Mr. Charles E. Boyd, the proprietor, has arranged a number of new features for the season.

GIFT OF THE DESERT

Continued from Page 2

ness, scanned the rock walls to the obscure entrance. At first she could not be sure, but finally the vague outlines of the men seated on the rock became visible. He was huddled forward in such grotesque posture as scarcely to appear human, but gradually the girl realized what the uncouth shape must be, could even detect the long, scraggly beard, the great breadth of shoulders, and the rifle, on which he leaned. With this discovery came the instant assurance also that the fellow slept soundly. A thrill of hope brought courage, and new strength to her limbs. Might it not be possible for her to steal forward silently, and then, with a sudden spring, clear the obstruction of vines, and gain the free day without, before the slumbering guard could even comprehend what had occurred? The horse was not a hundred yards away, and even if she had to leap boldly from off the shelf of rock, she would willingly dare all for a chance at escape. Yet she had not advanced three steps until she realized the impossibility of the effort—the sleeping body utterly blocked the passage.

She could perceive the fellow now with some distinctness, a giant of a man, with long, apollo arms, bare and hairy, an oddly formed head, almost pear-shaped, long hair shading the face, and a black beard sweeping to his knees. Slowly, silently, without actually knowing why, the girl drew back into the deeper darkness behind her, guiding herself with one hand against the rough wall. Into her mind had come the faint hope of another egress somewhere, the very purity of the air suggesting such a possibility, she even imagining she felt a draft upon her cheek. Yet there was no glimmer of light. Once her groping foot struck against fragments of rock left lying where they fell. She bent down better to assure herself of the obstruction, and her exploring fingers touched a pick. It was a mine, then; this secret excavation had been man's work! Nature may have pointed the way, but this tunnel itself originated through lust of wealth. Her captors were not outlaws but men crazed by fear of losing what they had uncovered in these rocky hills. Yet this knowledge rendered her situation no whit less dangerous.

Deborah crept forward over the pile of debris, discovering that this fall of stone did not denote the ending of the passage. Suddenly her groping hands revealed a sharp curvature in the tunnel, and she worked her way about the corner with utmost caution. Then she stopped, rooted to the spot, her heart almost ceasing to beat. Far above, up what appeared to be a sharply inclined chute through the solid rock, came streaming down a single ray of daylight, its faint reflection resting directly upon the upturned face of a dead man, stretched on the tunnel floor.

Deborah, startled, swayed back against the wall for support, staring down into that white, upturned face, clearly revealed within the little pool of light. It was the face of a young man; his dark, wide-open eyes staring blindly up into vacancy, his brown hair cut short, almost good-looking even in death, with cheeks freshly shaven. This last was what aroused the girl, brought her back quickly to life and action. He had the appearance of having shaved that very morning; the stubble of his beard was not even visible. Then she noted two other facts—his revolver was in the holster at his waist, and the hand, held upright against the side wall, grasped a folded paper. He had just been killed, not more than two hours before surely, and in no duel—perhaps he had fallen to where he lay while climbing that narrow passage above. But the young? There was none visible—not even a bruise on the face. As a woman, Deborah shrank from touching the body, but her training as a nurse instantly conquered. She must learn the truth, disfigurement at the task might be. On her knees, exerting all her strength, she partially turned the body—the man had been shot in the back. She seemed to comprehend it all in a flash, visioning the scene as she rose quickly to her feet. He must have done the deed—that older man with the beard—shooting treacherously from behind. It had been deliberate murder. But the purpose was not so clear. To all appearances the assassin had never even approached his victim after he fell. Confident of the deadly accuracy of his aim, he had left the inert body lying where it struck, untouched, not even the dead man's gun being removed from its holster, or the folded bit of paper released from those gripping fingers.

The unspeakable, treacherous horror of the act appalled Deborah. There must be some reason behind it all. It was too cold, cruel, deliberative not to have definite cause. No speculation now could solve the mystery, but the murderer still lived; he was back yonder in the darkness she had just left. He would no more spare her than he had shown mercy to this other victim. If he still slept she must take advantage of the moment for escape—the one chance up that long passage toward the gleam of light at the top. She stepped across the dead body, grasping her skirts tightly in one hand; then hesitated for an instant, obsessed by a new thought. Perhaps that paper might explain all, might prove the very key to all this mystery. She bent, and wrested it from out the stiffened fingers, hastily endeavoring to learn what it contained. It was a thick, tough sheet, the folds showing yellow and dirty as though it had been carried a long while, and there was

writing inside, in fine penmanship, but so indistinct her eyes were unable to decipher a single word in that dim light. She thrust it into the bosom of her blouse, her eyes anxiously searching the only possible way out.

It scarcely promised even that, as revealed by that single ray barely illuminating the passage. Apparently an irregular sized hole, worn between layers of solid rock by the action of water, if led upward at a sharp angle, and, while wide enough at the lower extremity to permit the entrance of a full-grown man, seemed to contract at the upper opening so as to make it very doubtful if an ordinary body could squeeze through into the open air beyond. Yet Deborah felt that she had no choice but to accept this single chance of deliverance. She could not remain there with the dead man, nor retreat her steps backward to where the murderer remained asleep on guard. Her belt was still about her waist, but its holster was empty. Before beginning to climb, she drew the dead man's gun from its scabbard, and stuck it into her own. As she did so the light from above glimmered on a pearl-studded handle, and a barrel of blue steel.

At first the climbing was not difficult, the slope gradual with the walls sufficiently wide apart to afford comparatively easy passage. Drawing herself forward by her hands, with feet groping in the darkness below for any projection against which they could rest, she won her way upward, almost inch by inch, soon creeping over a narrow shelf, and, finally, to an upright within a shallow niche at one side, where the stone had been hollowed out for a few inches. She was breathless from the hard climb, her heart beating rapidly. She could see nothing, hear nothing, yet her mind pictured again the dead face of that boy staring up at her—she could not go back to that! Nor to that other living horror beyond! She must go on; better to die there, caught helplessly in that rocky hole, than ever to fall again into the power of that beast. She listened intently, hearing nothing; then lifted her hands to feel upward. She lifted one foot, seeking a fragment of rock to rest upon. Then a flare of red lit the inferno, a dull, muffled report echoed along the imprisoning walls, and a bullet brushed her hair, flattening itself on the rock beyond.

She shrank back into the little niche, scarcely certain of her escape, and rested there on her knees, not venturing to move. The shot had come from below; of that there could be no doubt, but there was no other report, no movement to reveal any presence. Deborah had no question as to who had fired—it must be the man she had fled from in the outer cave. He must have seen her outlined against that round opening above. It was a miracle she had escaped; but to have seen her the fellow must have stood directly beneath, beside the body of the dead man. Perhaps he would be there still, peering up to learn the result of his shot, wondering where she had disappeared so quickly. She was safe enough where she was, behind that barrier of rock, and she drew the revolver out of its holster.



She Listened Eagerly for Any Sound From Below.

and listened eagerly for any sound of guidance from below. If he made any effort to climb up, she meant to shoot to kill.

She dare not venture to advance her face around the rock edge, for fear the movement might bring her into view against that vista of light. The fellow was evidently waiting and watching just as she was, disconcerted by her strange disappearance. No doubt he half believed his bullet had found its mark, that she had fallen, either wounded or dead, into some crevice, but was afraid as yet to venture up that narrow tunnel. She could not remain there indefinitely waiting for him to gain courage to attempt the ascent. Her hand, with the weapon in it, reached noiselessly out beyond the edge of the rock, and pointed downward. A stone rattled below and her finger pulled the trigger. The muffled report echoed back from the rocks, the red flash of the discharge faded into darkness, and the pungent smoke blew back into her face; but there was nothing else. No cry, no crunch of a falling body, no thud of lead. She listened helplessly, half crazed to empty every load from her poised weapon into that silence below. What could it all mean? What had happened behind that black veil? An hour passed, an hour of dreadful watching, of tense expectation. It seemed to her the blue light streaming through that opening was already losing its power, as though the sun was going down. If she would escape she must go while she could yet see the way. Desperate as the chance was, it

must be accepted. She did not look down, or permit herself to think of the possible danger lurking below, with lips closely pressed together, and heart beating rapidly, she drew herself up, inch by inch, bracing her body against the side walls as though in a chimney, making use of every projection as a support to either hand or foot, and thus steadily approaching the opening overhead. Her courage had returned; there had been no attack from beneath, no evidence of life.

Deborah reached the end of her climb breathless, her limbs aching from exertion, her heart sinking with dismay. It never could be accomplished, the passage of her body through that narrow opening to the world without. How sweet the fresh air felt; how beautiful the blue arch of sky, yet it was hopeless of attainment. The very madness of the thought proved her salvation. Crazy for the moment, she began to dig fiercely with her fingers at the obstruction, tearing at a projecting point of rock, which suddenly yielded to the furious attack, a stream of loosened sand pouring after. Little by little, madly tearing at the sides of the orifice, she managed to wear away every fragment back to the solid rim of rock. She unbelted the revolver and flung it through the opening; then drew herself upward, fearful every instant of being irretrievably caught, yet finding purchase below for her feet sufficient to thrust her slender body steadily forward. At last her shoulders emerged into the outer day, and she was enabled to drag the rest of her body over the rim of rock. Utterly exhausted, Deborah lay on the sand, gasping for breath, conscious only that she had found refuge in a shallow ravine. She lay there outstretched in the shadow of a steep bank, without strength even to lift her head.

CHAPTER XI

More Complications.

Deborah felt that she never would regain power to rise, yet this total exhaustion passed away, as she began to breathe more easily, and finally she sat upon the sand, gazing about her strange surroundings, eager to discover what she could attempt next. She had escaped from that hell underground, yet was but little better off than before. She was upon the edge of the desert stretching outward toward the Meager ranch. It would be impossible to cross this on foot, with neither food nor water to sustain her; nor could she for a moment contemplate seeking refuge there, even if it were possible. Her only hope was to circle that hidden chasm, and then endeavor to find her way north until she reached some human habitation. The hope of accomplishing this was the merest mirage; the attempt probably meant death. She had no horse, no food, yet somehow, in the exhilaration of that first moment of release, she could not wholly despair. God had been good; she would go on courageously, and trust Him.

She arose to her knees, and looked about. It was a lonely, contracted space, and which she was concealed. Some rift in the rocks led down to that opening through which she had just crept. Perhaps it had formed a watercourse in other ages, but now the sand of the desert had drifted in, and covered all with a yellow mantle of desolation. The sides were too steep to scale even on foot, the loose sand, foiling every attempt, so she was compelled to follow the course of the defile in seeking a way out. For the first few yards of advance the girl had no suspicion she was not alone. A patch of sagebrush limited her view, and she was threading her way through these, when the sound of a voice speaking caused her to crouch suddenly down in the midst of the thicket and lie motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. It was the voice itself which paralyzed her every volition, a voice instantly recognized, never to be forgotten—the voice of Bob Meager.

He was not dead, then; the blow struck had no more than stunned the man, and—and she was his wife. Deborah's fingers dug at the sand in sudden agony, as the hideous thought came home anew to her mind. In some mysterious way he must have discovered what had occurred, suspected that she and Kelleen had ridden away together, and then followed like an Indian on the trail. She lifted her head suddenly; another voice spoke quietly, indifferently. Surely the voice was familiar; it must have been Kelleen himself who spoke.

She crept forward inch by inch, crouching low behind the sage until she could see the figures of two men. Neither one faced her; Meager sat on the side of the bank, his horse grazing just beyond, while the "Frisco Kid" remained in the saddle, his mount still grazing heavily, as though he had only just arrived after a hard ride. "Well, what difference does it make?" he asked quietly. "Am I in on this or not?"

"Of course you're in now," was the surly response. "I reckon that was what caused you to show up in these parts, ain't it? I wondered what was being pulled off when you rode in last night. Say, Kid, you really piped it to you—Casebeer or Garrity?"

"The less you know about it the longer you'll live," Kelleen replied calmly. "It's enough that I do know, not only what you are up to here, but that it was also your game to double-cross me. You tried the same game once before, Bob. The scheme has never worked very well. You haven't got the brains to do it with. Casebeer never told me anything, nor Garrity. All I needed was to know you and your kind. You were never honest in your life, and when I heard about this deal it was easy enough to figure what was up."

"What deal, KMP? What do you mean?"

"This ranch inheritance Garrity fixed up so nicely for you. No, I haven't all the dope—not yet. But I'm on my way to it, all right; the rascal dead I ever heard about, and it will

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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blow up like a punctured balloon just as soon as your sleepmaker gets nerve enough to see a good lawyer. That's true, ain't it, Bob?"

"The old man left it to me." "Yes, he did—nol. I was down in old Mex when I first heard what was going on up here. Young Clair got hold of one end of the story somehow, and told it to me. You remember Clair?"

"He worked here on the ranch." "Yes; that's what made him talk. He's square, that kid, and you fired him, and every other American on the place; then put on Mexicans. That made him sore. When he told me that I came pretty near knowing what was up."

"You did, hey? Wanted a hand in the game?" "Why shouldn't I, Bob? I held you up when you was flat, didn't I? There is no reason why you should forget me now. D—n you! I mean to see that you don't. That's what I'm here for. Now listen—I'm on to what is going to be pulled off tonight—this Casebeer business. You sent Sanchez and his helper over here to take care of the Casebeer outfit—that's right, isn't it?"

Meager growled something indistinctly, his eyes angrily watchful, but Kelleen remained on guard.

"There is no use playing the hog, Bob. The latter went on coolly. 'I've got the cards, and I'm as good a player as the brute will, like you did last night. What time does this outfit come in?'"

"Between now and midnight." "What are they running?"

"War stuff, of course." "And you have the way cleared—Garrity brought you that information, no doubt. Has he gone back to Nogales?"

"Yes; this morning." "I see; everything has been attended to. Somebody with brains is engineering this. You and Sanchez do the rough work while the judge clears the trail. All right; I've got it mapped out now. You are really not supposed to be in this deal at all. The Mex takes the stuff across the line, gets your share of the booty, and brings it back. All you need do is hide out here and wait. Pretty soft, I'd say."

"Is it? Well, what are you going to do?"

"Play square, Bob. I'm d—d if you deserve it, but I'll only take my share. I'll go along with the outfit, though, to make sure I get it. Then we'll split right here. Keep that hand away. You have been edging in toward that gun for the last five minutes. I've got you covered, you sneaking cur. I don't take any chances with your kind. Now are you ready to come clean?"

There was no immediate answer, and Kelleen pulled back into his saddle, but still facing the other, who had risen to his feet.

"I came up here half inclined to kill you," the younger man said soberly, "but now I am going to give you a showdown if you play fair. I know you would double-cross anybody if you had a chance. I don't mean to give you any. You stay here until I come back; if you fail, I'll run you down, no matter where you go. And you know what that means?"

Meager's fingers clinched and unclenched, his tongue wetting his dry lips.

"You needn't make any promise, Bob. Your word means nothing to me. You stay here until I come back. If you don't, you are as good as dead—that's all. That's my pledge; and you know whether it is good or not. Anything more you want to say?"

He backed his horse slowly down into the bottom of the gully, turning the animal's head toward the opposite bank, but still twisted in the saddle so as to confront Meager. He had drawn his revolver, and held it carelessly in his hand.

"You are such a dirty, low-down brute," he said coldly, "it would really be a pleasure to put you out of the world. I sometimes wonder why I

don't. The Mex tells me you got married last night. Was it the real thing this time?"

"That's none of your d—d business." "Perhaps not; but let's be so-called while we are together. Partners ought not to quarrel. Surprises me you should desert the fair bride so soon. You seem to have your head wrapped up—couldn't be a love tap, could it?"

Meager's temper obtained full control at this unpleasant reply.

"I—I, I was drunk!" he growled viciously. "But she'll pay for it, the next time I get hands on the wench."

"So, she got away, then? Lord, Bob, I always thought you was a woman tamer. This one is of another sort, then, then those you are accustomed to handling; doesn't take kindly to the cave-man stuff?"

"She'll take it, all right, the d—n little vixen. She hit me when I was drunk, and then got away; hid in the old lady's room, I reckon, for I couldn't find her nowhere. But I'll bring the girl out of there tonight, by G—d, and she won't have no drunk man to deal with neither."

Kelleen laughed, evidently well satisfied with what he had learned, and having no further desire to add to Meager's discomfiture. His rustic horse suddenly sprang forward under the quick thrust of the man's heel, crushing through the tangle of sage, and up the steep bank to the level of the desert above. Deborah had barely time to sink her body lower into the sand behind her covert, when the



You Are Such a Dirty, Low-Down Brute," He Said Coldly.

startled animal swept past, one hoof scarcely missing her. Meager, with an oath, swung a hand back to his pistol butt, yet was already too late—Kelleen had gone over the crest, the faint echo of a laugh floating behind him tantalizingly.

All the girl could do was to remain silently where she lay behind that cluster of sage. It was already growing dusk, and shadows hung over the gully, becoming deeper with every passing moment. If she had escaped observation so far she would soon be perfectly safe. And she was—she was!

The certainty was like a glass of wine, the blood coming back to her heart, her pulse steadying. Kelleen had ridden on, never pausing; she could hear the dull thud of his horse's hoofs in the sand, until the sound died away in the distance. And Meager stood there, revolver in hand, cursing impudently. Emily leaping forward, snatched the gully in where he could stare out over the edge of the bank toward where his enemy had disappeared. Neither man, then, had seen her; yet she dare not move, or attempt to change position; the slightest mo-

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tion might mean betrayal. She shrank even closer in the shadow waiting. Would Meager stay there, or go away? In truth, of the two men she dreaded him the least, despising the fellow so thoroughly as to have largely lost her fear—but Kelleen! She was actually afraid of him. If she had still retained any lingering doubt as to what he was, that doubt had entirely vanished during this conversation. The man had worn no mask talking with Bob Meager; made no attempt to disguise himself. She recognized him now as thief and border desperado, no better, probably, than those he associated with—and far more dangerous.

It seemed to Deborah as though that dimly outlined figure standing at the edge of the bank would never move. His actions, and certain muttered words, aroused her interest, and held her in concealment watching his every movement. The fellow purposed something—but what? Those surely were night glasses through which he searched the horizon, crossing from side to side of the ravine, and lying flat on the sand while sweeping the circle before him inch by inch. Evidently nothing was discovered, to awaken suspicion, for he came back to his horse and loosened a long rope coiled about the saddle pommel, and, with this on his arm, tramped down the gully, within a yard of where she lay; his figure fading almost instantly into the darker shadows below. At that moment the girl scarcely conceived what his mission might be. Her whole mind seemed to concentrate on the opportunity for escape which his absence offered. She arose crouching upon her feet, yet hesitated an instant, feeling a sudden curiosity to learn what Meager might be searching for. He could not go far, for the ravine ended abruptly against a rock wall. She had a mental picture of the scene. Good G—d! could the man be seeking after that narrow opening through which she had just escaped? Could it be possible he knew of its presence there? Where it led? The secret of that mysterious tunnel in the cliff?

The opportunity to escape was now open; Meager had entirely disappeared in the darkness; she could no longer even distinguish the sound of the man's movements, while his horse, saddled and bridled, stood unguarded not a dozen yards away. Yet the girl lingered, waiting to assure herself as to the real nature of the fellow's mission.

From the darkness to her strained ears came the sound of a low whistle, a peculiar note resembling the call of a wild bird, quite evidently a signal, as it was repeated three times. To Deborah's imagination the whistle must be sounding above the orifice in the rock. There was a pause, the desert silence profound, and then again the same signal impatiently given. Apparently there was no response of any nature from below, and Meager lost control of his caution, for he burst forth in a string of oaths, ending this tirade by calling down into the hole, his voice muffled as though he had inserted his head as far as possible within the narrow opening. The words came back indistinct, occasionally lost.

"Below there! you Manuel! Answer me, you d—n dog! This is Bob; do you hear By G—d, the fool must be asleep. I'll skin you alive if you fail me now. What the h—l does this mean?"

He apparently stood up, or at least lifted his head from out the aperture, for the voice sounded clearer to Deborah. The change startled her so she sprang to her feet, ready for escape before he could return, yet waited another instant, breathless, poised for flight.

"D—n the luck!" growled Meager to himself, unconsciously aloud, "when I want the fool he fails me. By G—d something must be wrong, but what the h—l can I do? I got to find out what's up—that's sure; so there ain't but one way o' doin' it; I got to git down below, an' d—n quick, too, before Casebeer gets here."

Deborah paused no longer. He was coming back; there was no other way if he intended going down the cliff. She ran swiftly through the dark, reckless of the scraggy sage, desperate to attain the horse. The man must have heard her, had some intimation of movement in the black night, for he gave utterance to a startled oath, and his feet crunched in the sand. But he was already too late, too far behind. In a moment more the frightened girl had gripped the bridle rein, flinging it back over the animal's head, and, in spite of his backing away, started by her sudden appearance, had, in sheer desperation of terror, scrambled into the saddle. The horse wheeled sharply about, maddened by the flap of her skirt, and leaped forward, straight across the gully and up the sharp incline opposite. Her eyes caught one glimpse of the man's figure, dim, indistinct, grotesque, racing toward them; then he fired twice, the red glare lighting up the night. The next instant they were over the top, speeding frantically into the inky blackness of the desert night, no sound but the singling of the animal's hoofs in the soft sand.

She had escaped; she was free! Nothing else mattered. Meager's hasty shots had failed; neither she nor the

(Continued on Page 6)

CASTORIA

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Saturday, July 7, 1923

The Singer Sewing Machine Company claim to have lost over one hundred million dollars during the European War. The greater part of it was lost in Russia.

Senator Curtis of Kansas proposes to introduce a bill in the next Congress taxing the thousands of "billboards that disfigure the landscape along the highways of the country. We trust he may carry his intention to a successful conclusion.

The amount paid by the railroads for loss and damage to freight is something enormous. Last year the Boston & Maine R. R. paid a gross sum of \$931,251 and all the roads of the country paid in proportion. It is easy to see where some of the railroad profits go.

Automobiles killed fifty persons in Massachusetts last month and a round dozen in this state. From the other states no report, but probably the fatalities throughout the Union would foot up several hundred. Unless there is a change for the better, automobiles will soon be more deadly than war.

John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," first published in 1678, has been translated into 107 different languages and has had a bigger sale than any other book ever printed with the exception of the Bible. The Bible has been translated into 770 different languages and dialects, and is away to the top of the "Best Sellers."

A relic of the ancient "Blue Law" times is being exhibited in the Wood- nutmeg State. A jeweler in Hartford was hauled up and fined the other day because he allowed one of his clocks in his show window to register daylight saving time. The denizens of that state do not seem to have changed much since Colonial days.

Governor Smith of New York has pitched his hat into the Presidential ring. His spokesman announces that New York's "wet" governor has decided, after mature deliberation, to enter the next Democratic National Convention and fight for the Presidential nomination. It looks at this writing as though the candidates in that convention would be numerous.

The Democratic National committee-man of New York declares that Ford, running independently, as a third party man for President, would bring about a Republican victory. Probably a Republican victory in 1924 can be obtained without that aid, still it requires neither a prophet nor son of a prophet to verify the correctness of the statement of that Democratic committeeman.

Senator Smoot of Utah says that President Harding will be renominated unanimously, and he will be elected without any real fight. He thinks Ford will be a candidate, but he thinks he will not be taken up by either of the great political parties, but that he will run as a third party man. The Senator said that President Harding's trip through the West is having a wonderful effect on the Western people.

The South seems to be reforming. In the first six months of 1923 there were reported only fifteen lynchings; just one-half the number for the same period in 1922. Of these fifteen, Florida was disgraced with seven, Georgia and Mississippi two each, Arkansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Texas one each. In this fifteen were two white persons, one of whom was a woman. One of the causes of lynching was "trying to act like a white man."

Ford as a Presidential candidate is assuming considerable attention just now. It is not believed that he can capture the nomination from either of the two great parties, but that the great flivver maker will have to run as a third candidate. In that capacity, the party leaders of both parties claim not to fear him. It is said that Ford's friends are starting a movement to get him back into the good graces of the Jews of the country.

The question of the day is what is going to become of the New England railroads? The poor old New Haven stock sold this week for ten and a fraction, and the Boston & Maine around \$12 a share. These figures were new lows for the stocks of both roads. It can easily be remembered when the New Haven stock sold for \$275 a share and the Boston & Maine around the same price. It looks as though both roads must have help speedily or go into bankruptcy. The outlook is not cheering to those stockholders who depended upon the income from the stock of these roads for support in their old age.

A WONDERFUL FINANCIAL SHOWING

That is a wonderful record of economy and good finance presented by the Treasury department of the U. S. Government at the close of the fiscal year, last Saturday. The Government began the year facing a deficit of \$823,000,000 and there seemed to be no general public way that this big deficit, which was a relic of the Wilson administration, could be avoided. A short time ago word was sent out that this deficit had been wiped out and the year would end with a surplus in the treasury possibly running as high as two hundred million dollars. This many people refused to believe, and some claimed that it was a wild statement sent out for political effect. The year is now closed and the facts are for everyone to observe. The result is that the Government has done far better than it promised. The deficit of over eight hundred millions has not only been wiped out, but the treasury today has a surplus of three hundred and ten millions, or one hundred and ten millions better than was even anticipated. A few surprises of that kind the public can stand with a smiling countenance. It is a wonderful record, however, and shows that we have wise and competent men at the head of the financial department of the government.

THE DAY AFTER

The following are a few of the headlines in Thursday morning's papers: "Holiday motor accidents (take toll of seven lives); Three killed when train hits auto near Hudson, Mass.; Freight train and auto crash. Three persons dead, another fatally hurt, falls seriously injured at Salem, N. H.; Seven persons killed observing the Fourth in Chicago; Four killed, nineteen hurt in train wreck at Albuquerque, N. M.; Girl killed when motor car skids, near South Killingly, Conn. Parents and sister also injured; Providence people; Car plunges into the Seckonk, occupants escape; Canoe capsized with midnight party of five, one girl drowned, near Worcester; Three children die in flames as home burns, at Rowe, Mass.; Three killed as car goes over an embankment, three others hurt, at Ashland, Ohio; Motor car fractures skull of eight-year-old boy in Cambridge; Farmer hit and badly injured by motor at Salisbury Beach, driver speeds away; Three women hurt in motor collision in Waltham; Woman badly injured in motor crash at Braintree; Man hit by car in Haverhill, badly injured; Five persons hurt in motor upset at Newbury, Mass.; Leg broken as motor backs at Haverhill, Mass." These are a few of the happenings of one day, but these would seem to be sufficient.

CONSOLIDATION OF NEW ENGLAND RAILROADS

Times have changed. A few years ago the New Haven Railroad and the Boston & Maine attempted to consolidate, and did so as far as the stockholders of the two roads could bring about the union. The Legislature of Massachusetts "stepped in and forbade the bans and the wedding was dissolved. Now a committee appointed by the six New England governors, after long deliberation, have unanimously recommended the formation of a New England system which would consolidate the New Haven, Boston & Maine, the Maine Central and other local lines into one line, a far more complete union than was dreamed of a few years ago. The committee unanimously opposes the amalgamation of the New England roads with the great trunk lines. Instead of having our New England lines run by outside interests, the committee rightly claims that "New England should be allowed to run its own railroads." If such a thing had been allowed when attempted some years ago it would have been better for the roads and for New England.

In the poll for the Democratic Presidential nomination conducted by the Literary Digest, William G. McAdoo is far in the lead. Ford comes in as a poor second. Its list embraces ten candidates. They are William G. McAdoo, Henry Ford, Oscar W. Underwood, Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, James M. Cox, the last candidate, Woodrow Wilson, Samuel M. Ralston, John W. Davis, William J. Bryan, and Carter Glass.

In the past nine years more than one hundred and twenty-five million dollars has been paid by corporations and individuals for injuries to workmen in New York state alone. It is during that period that the workmen's compensation law has been in existence. The total accidents reported in that time numbered 2,500,000 and the deaths from these accidents numbered 12,480.

An Irishman and an Englishman came over to this country on the same vessel. Coming up Boston harbor the guns were booming, bands were playing, and noise appropriate for the day was going on, for it was Fourth of July. "Bless me," said the Englishman, "what is the cause of this tremendous disturbance?" "Why," said the Irishman, "don't you know, this is the day we licked ye."

SENATOR JOHNSON BOOMED AS THIRD PARTY CANDIDATE

When Hiram comes marching home the country will be treated to a third party demonstration of a spectacular nature. How substantial or lasting it will be will depend on how Hiram feels about it.

Senator Hiram Johnson, now enjoying a vacation in Europe with Mrs. Johnson, is due back in the United States on the Leviathan July 23.

He will be met at the dock by an enthusiastic band of persons who, for one reason or another, want him to oppose President Harding in 1924, either for the Republican nomination or as a third party candidate. There will be bands and fanfares of trumpets; lots of noise, a good deal of it made to order by paid noisemakers—and a great display of enthusiasm for Johnson as a Presidential candidate.

It is claimed that Hearst is in this movement. How many third party candidates Hearst is backing time only will tell. It is pretty evident he is against the established order of things. Still it might seem that he ought to be satisfied with one candidate. Ford was his pet candidate a short time ago. Now it is said to be the California senator. There is time enough yet for half a dozen more candidates to pose with Hearst backing.

THE LEVIATHAN

The great ship, the Leviathan, the pride of the American Merchant Marine, and claimed to be the largest ship afloat, started on her first regular transatlantic trip Wednesday, July 4th, with a full passenger list. The Leviathan, which was formerly the Vaterland, is a German built ship, taken over by Uncle Sam in 1917, and used during the World War as a Government transport ship. It has been re-built by the Government since the war at an expense of \$8,000,000, which is double the original cost, and is now a magnificent ship. It is 950 feet in length, and has a tonnage of 69,957 tons. It has a passenger capacity of 5,499, divided into first, second, third and fourth class. It carries a crew of 1700. To provision the vessel for one cruise costs \$97,152. The ship received a grand send-off as she left New York harbor Wednesday night.

Thomas W. Bicknell of Providence, the veteran historian of the state, and for many years state superintendent of education, will be 90 years old September 6. He is well and able to do a good day's work at the present time. He is apparently younger than many men of half his years. Mr. Bicknell was Commissioner of Public Schools for the State of Rhode Island from 1869 to 1875.

A certain woman in a town in Rhode Island was taken suddenly ill. She had several sons and daughters. They in haste each sent for a physician. The doctors all came, but no two agreed as to the cause of the complaint. Meanwhile the woman died. A coroner's jury sat on the case and brought in the following verdict: "We find that the woman came to her death by bowel trouble, aggravated by a complication of doctors."

From New York to Newport in seventy-eight minutes—and such a pleasant change!—Providence Bulletin.

Wolves Revered by Indians.
Wolves, up to recent times, were never killed by Indians, as, according to their belief, the spirits of the departed inhabited the bodies of the wolves. When they came too close to the camp the Indians would throw a greathand or rock at them, and would use a rifle only if the dogs were attacked or a child was in danger. If the wolf was killed, the rifle was considered useless afterward and thrown away.

Bird Well Named.
We are told that Piny named the Parnagian Lagopus owing. It is thought, to the close resemblance of the bird's feet to the feet of the hare; the legs being thickly covered with short feathers right to the very claws. This thick, warm clothing of the legs, increased in winter, is in direct adaptation to the need of a bird, most of whose life is spent on mountain snowfield or cold plains.

Man as Housekeeper.
When the average man picks up the newspaper he has scattered, he thinks he's a great help around the house.

Weekly Calendar JULY 1923

STANDARD TIME.									
	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	Moon sets	High Water	Low Water	High Water	Low Water	
7 Jan	4 11	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
8 Jan	4 12	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
9 Jan	4 13	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
10 Jan	4 14	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
11 Jan	4 15	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
12 Jan	4 16	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
13 Jan	4 17	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
14 Jan	4 18	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	
15 Jan	4 19	7 25	0 07	12 05	2 45	8 38	1 01	7 01	

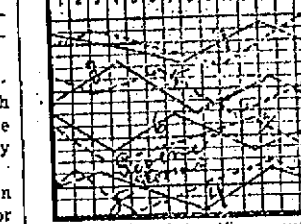
Last quarter, July 5th, 8:57 evening.
New moon, July 13th, 7:46 evening.
First quarter, July 20th, 8:33 evening.
Full moon, July 27th, 9:31 evening.

Deaths.

In this city, July 2, Katherine I. O'Brien, daughter of the late Thomas and Mary McLaughlin.
In this city, July 3, Harriet, widow of Henry Weston, in her 81st year.
In this city, 4th inst, James J. son of Margaret and the late Patrick Leary.
In Fall River, June 30, Edith E. daughter of the late Abraham F. and Sarah E. Harby, aged 24 years.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JULY 1923



Temperatures, heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of some days of the year for forty years. Crooked lines show normal temperatures; below, cooler; that marked 1 is for section 1, north of latitude 47, between meridians 90 and Rockies crest—2 for section 2 on my section map for section 1, north of latitude 47—3, between meridians 90 and 47—4, south of latitude 47—5, south of latitude 47—6, east of Rockies crest—7, east of Rockies crest—8, east of Rockies crest—9, south of latitude 47—10, south of latitude 47—11, south of latitude 47—12, south of latitude 47—13, south of latitude 47—14, south of latitude 47—15, south of latitude 47—16, south of latitude 47—17, south of latitude 47—18, south of latitude 47—19, south of latitude 47—20, south of latitude 47—21, south of latitude 47—22, south of latitude 47—23, south of latitude 47—24, south of latitude 47—25, south of latitude 47—26, south of latitude 47—27, south of latitude 47—28, south of latitude 47—29, south of latitude 47—30, south of latitude 47—31, south of latitude 47—32, south of latitude 47—33, south of latitude 47—34, 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MRS. R. L. GRAIGIE

A Popular Lady of the Foreign Diplomatic Set



The attractive and popular Mrs. R. Leslie Graigie, whose husband is secretary of the British embassy at Washington.

DRY ASK \$2,500,000 FOR 1924 CAMPAIGN

Anti-Saloon League Will Fight Enforcement Repeal in Ten States.

Wesfordville, Chlo.—Warned that the prohibition enforcement codes in ten states are endangered by concerted attack of the wet forces, the leaders of the Anti-Saloon League in their conference here decided to call on the country for \$2,500,000 for the 1924 campaign, and completed plans for the hardest fight in the league's history.

At conclusion of the session the delegates from eleven Southern states joined in signing a manifesto to the Democratic party saying that the South would not accept a candidate for President who is not strictly dry. This carried a threat that the Solid South, which is decidedly dry, would bolt the party if a wet were nominated.

The war council, as the general board is termed, made a series of recommendations which will be put into a platform for next year that will shape the policy of the league in its campaigns in nation and state.

Among the recommendations are: That the Federal prohibition agents be placed under civil service and thereby as far as possible taken out of politics. This will be proposed in Congress.

Churches affiliated with the league are urged not to elect to any official position in their congregational bodies any persons not strictly dry.

Making the forging of Federal permits a crime and authorization by Congress to use part of the army and navy to enforce prohibition "wherever necessary to stop rum running."

Extension of the three mile limit to nine or twelve miles to make rum running more difficult.

Defeat of all beer and light wine proposals in Congress and the States. Re-enactment of a new State enforcement measure in New York.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

BERLIN.—Strike of 500,000 German metal workers threatens to involve 1,500,000 men.

LONDON.—French Ambassador believed to have instructions to answer English questionnaire orally, avoiding direct reply.

BOSTON.—Merger of New England railroads urged by committee appointed by Governors.

NEW YORK.—Gen. Gouraud, arriving for visit to United States, weeps as he salutes Statue of Liberty.

AMHERST, Mass.—Graduates under McKeljohn plan to redeem Amherst and reform trustees, says Dr. Fitton.

SUFFALO.—Norman E. Mack, Democratic National Committee man, sees Henry Ford as contender in Presidential campaign.

VERA CRUZ.—Fleet of tramp ships for coast trade is sought by Mexican marine interests.

NEW YORK.—Eleven liners bring 11,482 aliens into port on first day of new quota, establishing new immigration record.

ROME.—A tense situation has arisen between the Vatican and the French Government over the Pope's recent letter criticizing French occupation of the Ruhr.

BUENOS AYRES.—The Argentine chamber of deputies has adopted the report of the finance committee authorizing the executive to issue a loan of 150,000,000 gold pesos in foreign or internal bonds.

LONDON.—Lloyd George announced that he will visit Canada in October and afterward realize his life long wish to visit the United States.

PEKING.—The wonderful Imperial Gardens were ruined in a fire which raged for twelve hours and destroyed three hundred square feet of buildings in the northwest corner of the Forbidden City.

Albert A. Couant, born in Topsfield, Mass., in 1833, celebrated recently the 90th anniversary of his birth. He is the oldest man in town. He is one of the oldest Freemasons in the United States, a member of St. John's Lodge of Boston, the oldest American lodge. His membership dates back 55 years.

CONGRESS CALL NOW CONSIDERED

High Officials Agree Curzon Has Ended Hope of Relief in Wet Ship Snarl by Diplomacy.

MAY SEIZE HOVERING BOATS

Enforcers of Law Believe They Can Act Outside Three-Mile Limit Without Treaty—Must Await the Will of Congress.

Washington.—With the rejection by Great Britain of the American proposal for a treaty in which it was proposed to allow foreign liners to bring liquor under seal into American territorial waters in return for a proposed extension to twelve miles of the limit of visit and search for contraband goods, officials frankly admitted that there could be no hope of settling international controversies regarding the American prohibition laws until Congress has met and modified the law.

No official reply has been received to the Hughes twelve-mile limit treaty proposal, either from Great Britain or any of the other powers approached. Lord Curzon's positive declaration in the British House of Lords, however, is generally accepted as sounding the knell of the proposed treaty and ending the possibility of relieving an embarrassing, if not a dangerous, situation, by means of diplomatic negotiations.

It is considered quite possible that the situation may take a turn in which a special session of Congress to deal with the problem may be necessary. Only the President has the constitutional authority to call an extra session. Before leaving for Alaska he declared he entertained no thought of calling a special session.

Perhaps the most interesting development as an aftermath of Lord Curzon's speech was the assertion in an authoritative quarter that there was reason to believe the United States Government possesses the right to seize vessels hovering about the three-mile limit regardless of whether a treaty is negotiated with the powers concerned.

While officials refused to comment for quotation on the speech of Lord Curzon, no offense was taken over his frank statement of the British point of view. One part of Lord Curzon's statement, however, was not relished by official Washington—his statement that "the real motive of the American Government in bringing the matter to a head is in all probability their desire to put pressure on us to put a check on the traffic in contraband liquor carried on British ships."

Denial is made that the American government seeks to "conquer" those to whom it has made its treaty proposal for a twelve-mile territorial limit. On the contrary, it is declared in a responsible quarter that the United States merely wished to cure a most embarrassing situation and to "regularize" in a most tactful way a thing which a large body of American opinion, lay and expert, holds that the American government might have done legally without a treaty, namely, to seize rum ships outside the three-mile limit, even when under the protection of a foreign flag.

British vessels have been hovering just outside the three-mile limit aiding in smuggling liquor into the United States. Great Britain has deplored this use of its flag but has not interfered with the traffic, and, it was pointed out in a responsible quarter, Great Britain has no right to touch these vessels.

The late Lord Salisbury held that when a ship outside the three-mile limit unloaded illicit goods into its own boats for transmission to within the three-mile limit, such ship became liable under the law. The State Department has also taken such a view, but the court has recently held that it made no difference whether or not the unloading was carried on by the small boats of the ship in question.

In his absence no official is qualified to say whether the President would summon the new Congress to consider modification of the Volstead act to the limited extent that would be necessary to relieve the administration from its present international embarrassments.

GERMAN BOMB KILLS BELGIANS

Forty-three Other Soldiers and Some German Workers Hurt.

Duisburg.—The burgomaster of Duisburg, twelve other city officials and four prominent citizens were arrested this afternoon by the Belgian military authorities as hostages in connection with the explosion of a bomb on a Belgian troop train crossing the Rhine bridge. Nine Belgian soldiers were killed outright by the explosion, one died later of his wounds and forty-three persons were injured.

FOUR DIE ABOARD DESTROYER

Others on the Williamson Injured in Strange Accident.

Newport, R. I.—Four men were killed aboard the destroyer Williamson through the flooding of the fireroom with steam and hot water. The dead: Giacomino, Joseph A., water tender, second class; Lockport, N. Y.; Litchford, Clifford, Greman, third class; Lebanon, Ohio; Mazzola, Harry C.; Freeman, third class; Newbern, N. C.; Millican, Doc Abernathy, third class; Fairfield, Ala.

Judge Christopher T. Callahan of Holyoke, Mass., denied citizenship to 13 men, who claimed exemption from military service during the world war on the ground that they were aliens, when they presented themselves as applicants for naturalization papers in the sitting of the superior court.

FRANK LINDLEY WEAVER

Civil War Veteran Receives His Degree in Engineering



Frank Lindley Weaver, eighty-one-year-old Civil War veteran, who received a degree of engineering at the University of Kansas.

BRITISH LABOR PARTY FOR LEVY ON FORTUNES

Would Subject Wealth Beyond \$25,000 to Graduated Scale of Assessment.

London.—A capital levy on a graduated scale on fortunes from £5,000 upwards became an integral part of the British Labor party's program, when a long resolution dealing with national finance was adopted by the party conference in session in Queen's Hall.

Charles G. Ammon, Labor member of parliament for Camberwell, in moving the resolution, said the capital levy was the keystone of the whole future of Labor finance, and instead of apologizing for it the party was determined to keep it to the forefront.

The resolution declares that the policy of Labor is to redeem a substantial portion of the British national debt by a levy on capital, with a saving in annual interest and sinking fund thereby being effected, together with other economies, notably on armaments, and by the taxation of land values.

As a result of the levy, the resolution stated, it would be practicable to abolish the food taxes and lighten the burden of the income tax by raising the exemption limit. Also the entertainments tax and corporations profits tax could be abolished, and money provided for much-needed social expenditure.

The resolution urged the Labor party in parliament, in default of a capital levy, to press for abolishment of the food taxes before other relief in taxation was given.

The resolution offered by George Lansbury, Labor member of parliament for Poplar, declaring against competition in building up of Government air forces, was carried unanimously.

The resolution demands the immediate calling by Great Britain of an international congress "for the purpose of eventually abolishing by international agreement all air armaments."

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The inadequate salary paid by the Government has caused Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Edward Clifford to resign, effective upon Secretary Mellon's return from Europe.

Roland W. Hayden, American observer on the Reparations Commission at Paris, has resigned. He will turn over his post to Col. James A. Logan.

President Harding's plan to reduce the national debt \$500,000,000 a year without increasing taxes, is feasible, according to Treasury officials, if Congress does not pass a soldiers' bonus.

Tax reduction move in Congress probable as result of extraordinary Treasury showing for fiscal year.

Colonel James A. Logan, Jr., to succeed Roland A. Hayden, resigned, as American observer on Reparation Commission.

Senator La Follette comes out against Republican and in favor of Farmer-Labor candidate in Minnesota Senatorial race.

Samuel Compers takes exception to President's analysis of Administration's capital and labor record.

Senator Underwood's return expected to speed up Presidential campaign.

American Society of Civil Engineers starts investigation of the ousting of A. P. Davis as head of the reclamation service.

Former Governor Hardwick of Georgia was appointed to the war frauds division of department of justice.

United States has no intention of competing with any nation in numerical strength of its air force, but will keep service strictly up to date and at a high efficiency.

Radical prohibition enforcement officials will not be permitted to dictate the policy of the government in regard to foreign ships.

President Howard Conoley of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, speaking at the second annual meeting of the industrial glass class urged an increase in manufacture, if New England is to compete successfully with the West and maintain its industrial supremacy. His topic was "Salesmanship."

YEAR'S SURPLUS IS \$310,000,000

Receipts From All Sources Are \$767,000,000 More Than Predicted Year Ago.

DECREASE IN EXPENSES

Treasury in Best Shape Since War—Fine Condition Brought About by 765 Million Increase in Receipts, 366 Cut in Expense.

Washington.—The Treasury Department closed the fiscal year in the best condition it has exhibited since pre-war days, and with a surplus estimated at \$310,000,000 by General Lord, director of the budget.

This is an even better showing than was predicted recently by President Harding, who said the surplus would be about \$200,000,000.

It shines in marked contrast to the deficit of nearly \$700,000,000 which was officially prophesied some months ago.

The following statement was given out from the bureau of the budget, representing the treasury situation, as seen by General Lord:

"From the latest available information General H. N. Lord, director of the Bureau of the Budget, announced that the budget for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, would be balanced with an appropriate surplus of \$310,000,000.

"The reduction in the total expenditures for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, as compared with the total expenditure for the total expenditures for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, will be approximately \$265,000,000.

Exclusive of expenditures on account of capital outlays, operations in special accounts, such as railroads, the War Finance Corporation, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, etc., refunds of tax receipts and interest on and retirement of the public debt, the ordinary operating expenditures of the government during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1923, will be approximately \$297,000,000 less than the same expenditures for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922.

"One year ago the estimated receipts and expenditures indicated a deficit of \$823,000,000 for the fiscal year 1923. The difference of \$1,133,000,000 between this estimated deficit of \$823,000,000 and the present estimated surplus of \$310,000,000 is accounted for by an increase in receipts of \$767,000,000 and a reduction in the estimated total expenditures of \$366,000,000.

"The difference in receipts was occasioned by an increase of \$213,000,000 in customs receipts, \$423,000,000 in internal revenue receipts, and \$131,000,000 in miscellaneous receipts. The difference of \$366,000,000 in total estimated expenditures was the result of a reduction of \$151,000,000 in general expenditures and \$450,000,000 in interest on the public debt and a net decrease of \$170,000,000 in capital outlays, operations in special accounts, refunds of tax receipts, and retirement of the public debt required to be made from ordinary receipts."

A glance at the treasury statement shows substantial reasons for the changed condition of the government's fiscal affairs, as compared with the pessimistic predictions of some months ago.

Enormous receipts from customs, under the new tariff act, receipts which officials could not foresee, constituted one of the chief reasons. The customs receipts for this fiscal year topped \$467,000,000, more than \$200,000,000 in excess of the last fiscal year. Never before did the government receive such returns from customs. For many years treasury officials have thought of the tariff act as bringing in not to exceed about a third of a billion dollars. Now that they have soared above the half billion mark, everybody is amazed.

Another aid to the treasury has been nearly \$70,000,000 received this month in the form of interest on foreign obligations. In fact, for this fiscal year, the receipts from this source have been upwards of \$201,000,000, as contrasted with \$28,000,000 for the last fiscal year. About \$8,000,000 increase in Panama canal tolls also has been a factor.

John Doling, a gold seeker from Connecticut to the far west in 1899, died in Rocky Hill, Conn., aged 91. After 25 years of adventure in the Rockies he returned and for 65 years led the quiet life of a farmer. He was once an Indian captive.



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PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

The new fish and game laws for 1923 have been announced by William C. Adams, director of the Massachusetts division of Fisheries and game. He calls particular attention to the changes made by the legislature at its recent session, the most important of which was a law prohibiting the sale of fresh fish taken in this state. This law is far-reaching, he says, and puts an end to the commercialization of our inland fisheries just the same as a similar law stopped the sale of deer back in 1912. Other change are: Close season on quail until 1926 in Dukes, Essex, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex, Nantucket, Norfolk and Worcester counties. Harmonization of the state and federal laws with regard to migratory birds. This means a uniform open season all over the state and that night is prohibited under state laws and that violations may be prosecuted in either state or federal courts.

Written reports of the number and kind of animals taken and sold during the preceding year must be made to the director on or before Jan. 10. Close season on pile perch from Feb. 1 to April 30, with a catch limit of 12 inches. Close season on horned poats from March 1 to June 14. Close season on yellow perch from March 1 to March 31. Legal length of brook trout and rainbow trout eight inches. The laws pertaining to hunting and fishing licenses remain the same. The first open season on game will start Aug. 16 when shore birds may be hunted. However, says the commissioner, of the many species of shore birds to be found along the shores and marshes, only blackbreasted and golden plover and winter yellowlegs may be lawfully killed. The season on ducks and geese will open in all counties on Sept. 16 and the season on upland game will be from Oct. 20 to Nov. 20, as usual. The deer season will begin on the first Monday of December and end on the following Saturday night and during that time rifles or hunting dogs cannot be brought into the woods.

Dr. Howard F. Hill of Waterville, Me., who was graduated recently from the Harvard medical school, has selected his father, Dr. Frederick J. Hill, as his first patient. The elder Hill underwent a surgical operation and his son is now in attendance.

A homing toad brought by Frederick O. Stacey from Wakefield is Old Oater, Wicliendon, Mass., and liberated after a few hops around to get its bearings, started for home, dragging a small tag fastened to a hind leg. The toad was seen in Townsend and Concord, but not again until he arrived at his home in Wakefield. The distance is about 75 miles and the load made it in five days.

When John Kilcha's car stalled in traffic in Haymarket Square, Boston, and wouldn't respond to usual treatment, John got out, lighted a match and looked in the tank to see if there was any gas. There was. Flamed rushed into John's face and singed his whiskers. Meanwhile the machine started of its own accord and, shaking off several who tried to head it off, brought up against a telegraph pole. The loss was mostly to John's whiskers and eyebrows.

PRIZE WORLD PEACE PLAN

Philadelphia Publisher Seeks to End Europe's Chaos.

Philadelphia.—Edward W. Bok, of Philadelphia, has offered a prize of \$100,000 for the American who brings forward the best practicable plan for the co-operation of the United States with other nations in attaining and preserving world peace. The announcement was made by a policy committee which has been organized to administer the award and has opened headquarters in New York.

PIUS X MONUMENT UNVEILED

Great Throngs Attend Ceremony in Basilica of St. Peter's.

Rome.—The monument to the late Pope Pius X in the Basilica of St. Peter's was unveiled by Pope Pius in the presence of an immense crowd which filled the great cathedral. The ceremony was carried out with traditional solemnity in the presence of the members of the Sacred College and the entire military guard of the Vatican in full dress uniform, making an imposing spectacle.

(Continued from Page 2)

horse had been touched. Now he was back there helpless on foot, while she was free and in saddle. But where should she ride? In which direction? She drew the horse down to a walk, and studied the stars overhead in an endeavor to determine even the points of the compass.

"No shooting, please!" a voice said sternly. "It is you, then?"

She suppressed a scream which at-



She Hesitated; Then Courage Returned.

most escaped her lips, but her answer faltered.

"You thought it was I, then? You were seeking after me?"

"Of course; people scarcely meet by chance here—in this desert and darkness."

"But why, may I ask, should we meet by either chance or otherwise?"

"Inclination may have had something to do with that, and a desire to serve. Am I not somewhat responsible in your case?"

"I do not care to acknowledge any such responsibility. I prefer now to go my own way alone. Do you understand?"

"You mean those words just as they sound?" he asked, releasing his grasp of her arm, yet only lowering his hand to her horse's rein.

"The words certainly express my meaning exactly, Mr. Kelleen. Why do you retain hold of that rein?"

"To prevent any attempt on your part to ride away," he acknowledged, a slight coldness in his tone, "at least until we understand each other better. I had up to this minute supposed you were endeavoring to escape from that fellow back yonder; now I learn you were running away from me also. Is that the truth?"

She hesitated; then courage returned.

"I fear you more even than I do Bob Meager," she answered honestly, "and despise you more."

"That is a pleasant statement. I wonder if I really deserve it? You think I deserted you? left you unnecessarily? First listen to my explanation—yes, you must; I shall not let you go until you do. Will you listen to me?"

"I know of no way to avoid doing so; but I prefer that you release my horse."

His fingers relaxed their hold on the rein, and he straightened up facing her.

"I trust you," he said simply. "You are better mounted than I, and armed, but I will not believe you look upon me altogether as a villain. You had confidence in me last night—did you not?"

"Yes—last night. I was desperate, afraid, and—and I accepted all you told me."

"I am the same man now," he said earnestly. "I am Daniel Kelleen, just as ready to prove my friendship now as then. You do not believe that?"

"No, I do not; I cannot. Last night I accepted your assistance from necessity. I had to escape that ranch before daylight, and you offered the only chance. I did not know who you were then—only—in a vague way. I rather accepted you as an American cowboy, and—and you made me trust you."

"During our night ride, you mean?"

"Yes, you told me a little about yourself; perhaps it was not true, but you made me think it was, and I gained confidence in you in spite—in spite of your—your reputation."

"I see—the 'Frisco Kid' business. That was a little off color, wasn't it? If I remember right you got my history principally from 'Pop' Reynolds, with all embellishments thrown in. Yet, nevertheless, you managed to like me? Is that it?"

"I had to trust you then. I tried to believe all you told me, and—and you were close."

"Good enough; and then what?"

"It was not because you left me. I thought I understood that; you were seeking to save me from discovery. Yet even then I was not sure, not as confident in you as when we were alone together. Sanchez was too friendly, too willing to acknowledge your leadership, and obey your orders—and—and you knew too much about what was going on here. You told me a very interesting story. Mr. Daniel Kelleen, which I now know to be false."

Kelleen made no movement, and for the moment no answer.

"You have lied to me, haven't you?" "I prefer learning first why you reach this conclusion," he replied calmly. "Does it come from my conversation with Juan Sanchez?"

"It began there. I could scarcely help suspecting you after listening to what you had to say to that Mexican outlaw. You are out here not so much in my protection, but as the representative of Bob Meager. I am merely your plaything on route."

"You are indeed complimentary. Did I serve Meager, you think, by running off with his wife?"

"There is no law or decency on this border where any woman is concerned," she burst out bitterly. "I have at least learned that. I do not know your real object; only that you are one of this disreputable gang; that you come here to serve its purposes; that I was therefore only an incident—to be lied to, and laughed at."

"You reached this conclusion from what you overheard of the talk between Sanchez and myself? Of course I knew you were there."

"Exactly, and did not even care. Your very insolence was an insult. You believed me then entirely in your power. You could sit calmly there on your horse, laugh and sneer, and I dare do nothing to protect myself. Then you rode off, and left me—your last glance one of insolent triumph. It was then I fully realized that I was only your victim. I was afraid of you, and I hated you then."

His voice was very low, very quiet. "You lost all faith? You attempted to run away, and hide from me before I could return?"

"I attempted to get away—yes. I could not remain there; it would even be better to die on the desert. But—but I am not wholly sure, I had lost all faith. Nothing was quite clear, but—but I was afraid of you. You had lied to me; I could not trust myself alone with you any longer. But since then I have lost all faith—do you know why?"

"I can make a guess. You also overheard the talk between myself and Bob Meager."

"Every word. How did you know?"

"Because I had a glimpse of you as my horse topped the bank. I had sought you everywhere after I finally got rid of Sanchez. The truth is I was still seeking your trail when I encountered Bob skulking there in the gully. Our meeting was not prearranged; it was an accident. You are perfectly justified in condemning me, as the facts stand in your mind. I am not even going to attempt defending myself. I fear it would be useless. I am merely going to serve you, whether you wish to be served or not. But listen a minute before you cast me off utterly. Will you do that?"

The girl hesitated, biting her lips, angered by his insistence.

"I cannot very well help listening; I doubt if I believe."

"Believe or not, as you deem please," he broke forth impatiently. "This is no time or place in which to play. The truth is I have been white with you—square. I came here seeking refuge just exactly as I explained to you last night. I know this was a thieves' hole, of course, but had no suspicion that we were going to run into their outfit at this time. But when we did, I had to act along with them. There was no other way. I had you to consider, and I had something else to consider. I lied to them, not to you—to both Sanchez and Bob Meager. They are going to get the surprise of their lives tonight. Now listen. I came back there for you; I tried to trace you all the afternoon. I knew you couldn't be far away, because you had not taken the horse. Finally, I decided you must have climbed the cliff on foot, and I came up and ran into Meager. Neither of us was very happy about it, but I had some knowledge of what was on foot from Sanchez. Only Bob wasn't there for that purpose; he pretended to be, but he had something else up his sleeve. You don't know what he was really up to, do you?"

"No," she said quickly, not willing yet to tell her tale, "why should I?"

Kelleen went on, undisturbed. "I didn't know how long you were hiding there. But that is why I came back."

"Because you saw me?"

"Yes; and because I believed Bob was up to some trick. I even had reason to suspect, did I not, that you two might be there together?"

She faced him indignantly.

"You thought I would secretly meet him?"

"Why not? You evidently believe every evil of me. How did I know you had told the truth? You are his wife, by your own statement. Why shouldn't I suspect, finding you there together? Anyhow I went back to discover the truth. That is why I am here with you now."

"Believing what of me?"

"I hardly know—except not that. You were not with him, yet that is his horse you are riding. He fired at you; did he not?"

"Yes; he went past me down the gully after you left. It was dark then, and I was not seen. I stole his horse and rode away. I doubt if he even knew it was a woman he shot at."

The listlessness suddenly left her voice.

"But I am not going with you," she went on coldly. "If you are a man you will not try to urge me. I trusted you last night, but not now. Will you let me go?"

"Where?"

"I'll find my way; I have a horse, and the stars. By morning I'll be in sight of some point of guidance. Anyhow if the choice is between the cruel desert and you, I take the desert. Am I free to go?"

Kelleen laughed.

"You leave it to me, then? Well, I say you are not going. I am not the sort of cur who would let you commit suicide just because you dare taken a dislike to me. You would be lost in ten minutes; you don't know this country—it's treacherous as hell. Now listen; you are going to trust me be false."

whether you wish to or not. You needn't like me—that cuts no ice in this affair—but you are going to learn that when I give my word to either man or woman, I'm going to keep it. Now, that's that. If you want to go back to Bob Meager, all right. I'll take you to him, and we're done. But when you talk of my turning you loose in this desert, to take your chances out there alone, I am the wrong kind



The Startled Animal Sprang Forward.

of man for any such job. You can hate me all you please, but we stick together, until I get you where there are white folks."

"I believe I do hate you!"

"All right; I don't mind that. Will you do what I tell you to do?"

He had spoken quickly, almost harshly, and the tone of command had aroused Deborah's resentment. The two wills clashed, and neither would give way or seek compromise. Deep down in her secret heart a bit of faith in this Daniel Kelleen yet lingered, but she was in no mood then to acknowledge it. He was threatening her; trying to frighten her; endeavoring to force her into his power, and she resented it immensurably.

"No, I will not," she said sharply. "Take your hand off my bridle rein!"

She struck her mount suddenly, and the startled animal sprang forward, whirling sidewise from the blow, careening against the bank of Kelleen's horse as it swept swiftly past. The next instant the wild race was on through the black night. She rode recklessly, desperately, lashing her mount with the snapping end of her reins, yet, leap by leap, Kelleen drew closer, riding as he often had before. In heading off a wild stampede of cattle, pressing her horse more and more to the right into a half-circle as he drew near. Inch by inch they drew closer together, the girl's skirt flapping against his leg; then his iron grip closed on the bit of her horse, and the two animals came to a stop, pawing the air. Deborah was breathless, frightened, angry; but the man was conqueror and in no mood for compromise.

"You fool! do you know where you were going?" he exclaimed sternly. "Straight to the edge of that hole; a dozen strides more and you would have been over. By G-d! I got you in time, but that is the last trick you'll play on me."

"You—you dare speak to me like that?"

The man laughed grimly; the nervous reaction thus finding unconscious expression.

"Dare? I'll say dare. What else could I call you? You didn't even know what direction you were going, and headed straight for a five hundred foot drop. Now listen; from now on I am master, and I'll begin right here."

He jerked the revolver from out the holster at her waist, and thrust it into his own belt. The significance of the action robbed the girl of all defiance; she suddenly felt weak, helpless.

"You—you mean I must do whatever you say?"

"Exactly that. You came to me at first voluntarily; you asked my help. I brought you here, and I am going to take you out safely. You are at liberty to hate me or like me, as you please. I am not asking anything but obedience. I tried being a man with you, and it failed to work; now I'll try being a brute and see what happens."

He straightened up in his saddle, evidently startled by something in the distance. She could barely distinguish his figure in the gloom, yet knew that his unoccupied hand was pointing to the right.

"Do you see that?" he asked, his voice tense and eager. "Down below there—that dull red light? It's Casebeer's outfit coming in!"

CHAPTER XII

Alone on the Desert.

She stared down at the red glimmer uncomprehending, her mind still agitated by Kelleen's sudden forcefulness. He had seemingly forgotten her very presence, so deeply interested was he in what was transpiring below, leaning eagerly forward, with eyes never deserting the group now showing vaguely within the reddish glare of the fire, which illumined that little section of the gulch at their feet. His faint reflection even enabled her to mark the stern outlines of his face against the far-away radiance. Her hostility to the man somehow seemed slipping away. She could not understand what it was which held her there quiet, silent, watching him. At last a sudden uncontrollable impulse caused Deborah to stretch out her hand and grasp his sleeve.

"Who are you?" she asked directly. "You must tell me."

The man turned his face toward her quickly, impatiently, their leveled

eyes meeting in the dim light.

"I have already told you," he replied, with no marked surprise in his tone. "I trusted you that far; but you chose to disbelieve."

"But can you blame me if I did?" she exclaimed almost passionately, disturbed once more by his apparent indifference. "It was merely your word pitted against all these others; against everything that has occurred before and since. You are not just. Do you remember the things I have heard said about you—about the 'Frisco Kid'—before I ever saw you? Stories of crime, of reckless murder, of everything despicable. If I had known who you were back at the ranch, I should never have ridden a mile with you, not even to escape from Bob Meager or a charge of having killed him."

"Go on," he said soberly, as she stopped breathless. "Let's have this out; there is no better time."

"I never knew until morning; until I finally recognized you. Then you told me that story—told it so I almost believed it true, almost trusted you. Really I had to believe, or pretend to believe, for I was there alone with you, helpless to protect myself, unable to escape. I was lost in the desert. Then you talked with that Mexican cutthroat, where I could hear all you said. He accepted you as one of the gang, and even obeyed your orders. He believed Bob Meager had sent you out here. You were certainly lying to someone, and naturally I supposed it must be me. There was every reason why you should lie to me. When you rode away, together I was sure you would soon be back alone, and I determined you should never find me there. I made my choice—it was the desert and death rather than you. You understand what I mean, Daniel Kelleen?"

"Yes, I understand," quietly. "Go on, let's have it all."

"Then up above, in that little gully, I ran onto you again; it makes no difference how I happened to be there. It was hours later; I had some time in which to think, and began to wonder if my decision had been right. Then, in the gathering dark, I crept through that patch of sagebrush and found you in private conference with Bob Meager. You were surely not playing a part then, for you had no knowledge you were being overheard. After that how could I still retain faith in you or trust myself with you?"

Kelleen did not answer directly, his gaze leaving her face and turning inquiringly to the strange scene revealed below. He stared at this moment in moody silence. Then he swung down from the saddle, dropped the rein over the horse's head, and stood beside her.

"I am going to tell you," he said calmly. "If you consent to listen. Will you trust me enough to dismount?"

There was something about the man, his quiet confidence, his low, even voice, his entire personality, which Deborah found impossible to resist. Hesitating an instant, even shrinking back from any personal contact, her lips refusing a direct answer, she yet permitted his hand to close firmly over her own and draw her down from the security of the saddle to the common level of the desert sand. Without a word of urging or explanation, Kelleen led her forward to the very edge of the cliff, where an exposed rock, swept bare by the wind, gave them a seat. Directly beneath lay the narrow valley, dimly lighted by that single fire, about which black dots constantly moved, too far away to be clearly visible. It was like a scene through a screen. Kelleen dropped down beside her, peering first over into the depths, the flicker of the distant flame barely illuminating his face. She could not help but mark its strong outline.

"You really do not understand what is being done down there?" she asked at last, as he held silent.

"I do not." He glanced aside at her, the trace of a smile on his lips. "There is something going on here quite beyond me. I had supposed this was a plain case of smuggling; war munitions over the line into Mexico. But it isn't. Casebeer's outfit must have come in through that lower pass yonder—beyond the clump of trees," extending his hand, "and the only feasible way to the border lies up the opposite ravine, directly behind the cabin. All they would require here is water for the stock and a guide. That was to be Sanchez' job. He was to assure them that the way ahead was open, unguarded, and lead them over the safe trail. They need all the rest of the night to make it in."

"But—but they are unloading the mules."

"That is exactly what they are doing—all of them; and taking the stuff back into the cabin. They are not going on at all; they are going back unloaded. Now, what does it mean? Why did Sanchez lie to me about it? And Bob Meager?"

Deborah sat up straight.

"Why shouldn't they lie to you?" she asked quickly. "If you are really what you pretend to be to me?"

"Because they have no suspicion—they can have none. Not a thing has occurred to arouse such doubt. The game has been played too carefully. It's not that. Meager has not the faintest suspicion, as yet that I am not one of his kind. The fellow, together with Garrity, is pulling off something here out of the ordinary, which they want to keep me out of—that's all."

He stopped suddenly; then turned, and placed his hand firmly on her own where it rested on the rock surface, his voice changing.

"Miss Deborah, there is no masquerade between us. I do not know why I talked to you as freely as I did last night. I must have liked you very much, and trusted you. Anyhow I told you the exact truth, and there is no occasion now to deny it. I am Daniel Kelleen, a captain in the regular army, who has volunteered for special scouting detail to stop this

border work. The character of the 'Frisco Kid' has been made to order, to permit of my thus gaining the confidence of these outlaws. The whisper reached me a week ago that munitions were being run through here—that Bob Meager's outfit was doing it; that this was the link we had been unable to stop. I came up to Nogales; hung around there in the lowest quarters of the town, picking up stray bits of rumor. Finally I heard about Garrity, learned he was going out to the Meager ranch. His henchman split a little, leaving me to believe there was going to be a run made across the line this week—this Casebeer outfit. That's why I came out; that's how Garrity picked me up at Silver Springs, and I rode on with him to Meager's."

She was deeply interested now, impressed by his earnestness.

"I had sent word to our people from Nogales. There is a narrow pass through the hills on the trail below, which this outfit must use just before they cross into Mexico. There is no other way south leading from here. Early this evening a squad of cavalry got there from the north, and are waiting."

"And if the outfit they are watching for do not show up tonight, or early tomorrow, what will the soldiers do?"

"Hard to tell. This half here has knocked out my plans completely; my guess at the game has gone wrong. As it is I have the choice of two things—either remain here and learn what these birds are really up to, or else ride south, bring those troops back, and round up this entire outfit on general principles. I'd like most of all to discover where Meager is."

"Perhaps I can help you. I have a story to tell you yet."

Deborah spoke rapidly, clearly, depicting her own escape from the concealed tunnel, and her flight in the narrow passage leading to the desert level, how she came to be hidden in the gully, and what had occurred there after Kelleen had ridden away. The captain listened eagerly to her recital of adventure, interrupting the narrative with numerous questions. This fresh knowledge brought a new element into the affair, complicating the whole matter.

"You say this was a tunnel?" he asked finally. "Dig out, you mean?"

"The light was too poor for me to tell very much. I thought at the time it might be an ancient watercourse, but work had certainly been done on it. I found a pick and shovel on a heap

of loosened rock. Quite a pile of broken stone lay at the farther end, as though it might have been blasted from the wall. I had to climb over it."

Kelleen drew a long breath, his hand smiting his knee in sudden conviction.

"By G-d!" he said slowly. "I believe it must be the 'Lost Mine.' Meager may have found it, and is trying to keep it to himself."

"The 'Lost Mine'?"

"Yes; it is a tradition of this country, an old Spanish legend, I believe, but implicitly believed for a hundred years. Men by scores have lost their lives hunting for it from one end of this desert to the other. The story goes that it was fabulously rich, discovered by a Spanish explorer, who carried samples of ore clear to Mexico City. He came there twice with laden mules, but refused all definite information, and the men he took back with him as helpers were never permitted to go beyond the edge of the desert. He would then go in alone, and bring out the ore, a muleload at a time. No one ever tracked him; the only one who made any serious attempt to do so, was found dead. Then one day the discoverer failed to return to camp. He never did come back, and no trace of him was ever found. His name was Alvara, and ever since men have been hunting after 'Alvara's Lost Mine.'"

"And it was actually here?"

"It must have been; the old Mexican camp was south there in that canyon where I told you the cavalymen were waiting tonight. I am beginning to understand what is up—or, at least, suspect what all this may mean. Someone has accidentally stumbled onto this old mine. I don't believe the discoverer could be either Bob or Garrity. But in some way they got wind of it and have taken possession. This munition train, supposed to be headed for Mexico, stops here. Casebeer don't know what's up, and don't care. He gets his money just the same, with less traveling and danger. Maybe he asks no questions; maybe he knows what's up and is in on the deal. Anyway, under orders, he dumps the stuff—powder, dynamite, whatever it is—and hustles it out of sight into that cabin. Before daylight comes his mule train is back again on the deserted empty, traveling north."

"And there is nothing you can do,

is there?" she asked. "It is no crime to discover and work a mine?"

"No—only, perhaps, that dead man you tell me about; murder is still a crime, even on this border. There is something about this affair which isn't straight; otherwise Garrity and Bob Meager wouldn't be in it. Those guys are playing dirt somehow—it is up to me to find out how."

Kelleen stood up, advancing to the very edge of the flat rock, where he could look straight down into the deep depression below.

"There is no movement down there, Casebeer's outfit is not onto the scheme; after they go that stuff will all be carried into the tunnel. Meager will never dare leave it out yonder."

"What's the place called where the soldiers are?"

"Box canyon—why?"

"I was wondering—"

A sharp spit of fire leaped out of the night beyond the horses, accompanied by a dull report. The startled animals whirled and disappeared in the darkness, but Deborah saw only Kelleen, poised there on the edge of the chasm—saw him fling up both hands, clutching vainly at the air, and then topple over, down into those yawning depths below. She could not even scream, but some irresistible instinct caused her instantly to roll back from off the stone into the slight depression at its base. In the black darkness of this shallow hole she lay motionless, scarcely venturing to breathe. In her fright and daze she yet comprehended all that had occurred; the shot had come not from beneath, but out of the desert. Kelleen had been killed, the horses slumped; she was unhurt, but alone.

It was all over so quickly this situation barely flashed through her brain, before a voice spoke, a voice familiar and hated.

"By G-d, that got him! Did you see how he toppled plumb over the cliff? That settles his spying on us. I reckon."

"St. senor; but I would swear there was two of them there."

"You saw two?"

"No; only the one standing against the light, the Senor 'Kid.' I know him; but I thought he spoke, and sure, senor, there were two horses."

"Of course, he stole mine. I had a shot at him then; but there is no one else here. D—n you, look for yourself, Sanchez! This rock is clean as a billiard table, and there's no place to hide. Where the h—l do you suppose those brones went?"

"We find 'em when the day comes; they not go far in the desert, senor. Where the 'Kid' fall—here?"

Deborah realized that the Mexican had clambered onto the flat top of the rock, and was peering down over the edge, while Meager remained on the sand, impatiently moving about.

"Well, what do you see?" he barked finally.

"Not one d—n thing, senor; black like h—l down there—he no live after that."

Meager laughed chucklingly.

"I'll say he couldn't; not even if he was a cat. There ain't no use our hanging round here. That guy is out of the way, and we'll pick him up an' plant him, after these others clear out. Casebeer's outfit must be through by this time. Go on down and start back. You paid him?"

"St. senor; he never unload (I'll I do; he what you call 'hard-boll.'"

"He's hard-boll, all right, but by G-d, he's got to hold his d—n tongue over this deal. I'll go on down with you and have a final word with him. I'll tell that guy something he'll not forget. Come on; there's nothing more for us to do up here."

(To be continued)

Exactly.

Our idea of absolute monotony is money that is inexchangeable, love that is never sick, married life that is always harmonious and life that is really endless.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Foolish Question.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that \$100 watch on your birthday?" "Of course I was touched. How do you think she got the hundred?"—Boston Transcript.

Banana Leads Food Production.

The banana produces more food to the acre than any other plant. Its yield is about fifty times more than the potato, and about one hundred and fifty times more than wheat.

The Letter Q.

The origin of the letter Q is interesting in view of its similarity to the letter O. The name is derived from the French word Queue, meaning tail, as the letter is O with a tail.

Only Real Progress.

Human progress is calculated by the contributions that we make, constructively, in that work to which we have assigned ourselves.—George L. Berry.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

Like a great poet, nature produces the greatest results with the simplest means. There are simply a sun, flowers, waters and love.—Hefne.

Robins Numbered in Millions.

It is estimated there are 22 million robins in the United States, which is a larger number than the English sparrows, their nearest rival.

Tips for Statesman.

Lame ducks are inevitably by-products of popular government. But every statesman should have a trade.—Chicago Daily News.

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST

362 THAMES STREET

Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER

ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Prehistoric Cliff Dwellers.

Several skeletons of prehistoric beings estimated to be from 1,200 to 1,500 years old have been unearthed in the Ozarks region of Missouri. These people were cliff dwellers, but they should not be confused with the cliff dwellers who lived high up on the faces of cliffs in Arizona and New Mexico. Many crude weapons and implements were found perfectly preserved in the dry soil under the overhanging cliffs.

Thought and Habit.

Life, in a way, seems to be an accumulation of habits; physical habits and mental habits. We do things one certain way for years and we think certain thoughts for years. We think oftentimes just because it is a habit, that what we do and what we think is the right way to do and think. We may have contracted a bad habit and never have known it. We may have been wrong for forty years.—Jarvis S. Hicks.

Condensed Milk Preferred.

Sweetened condensed milk, diluted with hot water, has won a place as a highly esteemed drink among the Chinese of the Swatow district. They prefer this mixture to the excellent fresh milk, containing a high percentage of butterfat, available from the water buffaloes and other cattle maintained in considerable numbers by the farmers.

Drove Through Ghost.

One dark night when I was driving along a lonely road, my horse became frightened and refused to proceed. In looking ahead to discover the cause, I saw a ghostlike figure standing in the middle of the road. Believing that someone was trying to frighten me, I whipped the horse and attempted to run the joker down. I was very much surprised when I ran my horse completely through the ghost—a dense pillar of fog rising from a mud puddle.—Chicago Journal.

Profitless Occupation.

An Indian in the Punjab writes in ink in Arabic a verse from the Koran on a grain of polished rice. The verse is written by the projected, and polished finger nail of the writer and the Arabic characters are so beautifully traced that one may read them with the naked eye. The artist, a middle-aged man, has been doing this kind of work for years.

That's an Idea.

Efficiency Expert (after tour of office)—Well, sir, I find an awful lot of pins on the floor. If you will give orders to the help to pick them up, they will receive bending exercises and you will save a lot of money on pins.

Dish-Washing Boom.

A lecturer says dish-washing can be made as interesting as golf. But it cannot be done at fashionable clubs and in striking costumes, and the lecturer never gets into the sporting columns.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

How Soy Bean Helps Farmer.

The soy bean can be grown successfully with corn and is becoming a very popular crop in the corn belt, as it can be hogged down and helps to balance the ration of corn. It can be grown on a wide range of soils, but in cultivation is necessary when it is grown for the first time, says the United States Department of Agriculture. The hay from this crop contains a high percentage of protein and is palatable. This plant adds a great deal to the value of silage when it is grown with silage corn.

As to Poetry.

Poetry is not made out of the understanding. The question of common sense is always: "What is it good for?" a question which would abolish the rose, and be triumphantly answered by the cabbage.—J. R. Lowell.

Her Birthday.

It was the first day of school in the first grade. Names, ages, and birthdays were being secured from the children. "And when is your birthday?" was asked of a tiny girl. "Every August," was the prompt reply.

Our Work.

We ought really to think much more of our work and of what comes next to our hands to do day after day than of our affections and the propensities in which they are distributed.—John Addington Symonds.

Roads to Riches.

Don't be jealous of your friend's success. That will not help to make you successful. Remember that some men are born rich, others have riches thrust upon them, and the rest of us have to hustle.

Foundations.

Our own real good, and the good of our posterity, in some measure depends on the part we act; and it nearly concerns us to try our foundations impartially.—John Woolman's Journal.

PAUL REVERE RIDES AGAIN

Patriotic Observance in Which City of Boston and Other Communities Take Part

In a patriotic observance the city of Boston, with the co-operation of several adjoining communities, in accordance with an annual custom, commemorated the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere. The celebration in Boston began the night before April 19, "Patriot's Day," when a descendant of one of Paul Revere's contemporaries hung a lantern in the belfry of the Old North Church, just as was done on the night of April 18, 1775. Then on April 19 the ride to Lexington was repeated by a man on horseback, dressed to resemble Paul Revere, and who followed the route taken on that historic occasion. The messenger departed from the quaint little house in North Square where the real Paul Revere pined his trade as a silversmith, the crowded Italian quarter, the old house stands undisturbed among the modern buildings that rise above it on all sides.

In spite of the momentous consequences of that 18-mile ride in the eighteenth century, comparatively few persons saw Paul Revere as he raced from hamlet to hamlet to spread the alarm of the British advance. The population, of course, was small; and besides, the only thing which the lightest sleepers could have seen as they tumbled from bed was a flurry of dust and a dim figure disappearing in the dawn.

TOWN CRIER NOT OBSOLETE

Villages Along the Rhine Still Employ Him as a Dispenser of General Information

The town crier is still an established institution in towns and villages along the Rhine. With drum and bell he summons the housewives to the windows and sings his news in a whining monotone.

"Officers of the French forces order that all lights shall be out at 10 o'clock. No one allowed on the streets after that hour. Herr Bingen has received a new shipment of women's underwear and shawls which he will sell very cheap. The dollar is worth 15,500 marks to day. One German killed and two wounded by the enemy sentries in Essen. Twins were born at the house of Herr Gortzen, who lives by the fountain in Bismarckplatz."

The echoes die away down the narrow streets; the windows and doors slam; the bell rings again as the old man plops down the rough pavement to the next corner where the story is sung all over again. And so on until all the village has heard the news.

Dogs Efficient Guardians.

The treasures of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are guarded each night by two giant police dogs who are trained to refuse to accompany anyone but the watchman who has charge of them. At intervals each night they are led through the darkened galleries. All employees have been cautioned against remaining in the building after hours because of the danger of attack by the powerful canines. But for the intervention of the watchman recently, an official of the museum, who stayed until late in the evening, would have been torn to pieces.

The Dance.

Silver wreaths and snow white waistcoats, tulle and gold-tipped cigarettes, satin slippers and pearl studs, champagne punch and rubber plants, introductions and orchids, waxed floors and interminable waltzes. "Neath a South Sea Moon" and three no-trumps, stepped on toes and invitations to dinner the following Thursday, wilted collars and strawberry ice. A gathering of stars in the Casino, promises to telephone the next morning, the host surreptitiously glancing at the clock every five minutes.—From Life.

Handsoaped.

A New York friend of mine returned from his golfing the other day. "Have a good game?" he was asked. "Botten!" he replied. "What was the trouble?" "Oh, it was all my caddy's fault." He had the hiccup. Every time he hiccuped, I'd miss my stroke; and every time he didn't hiccup, I'd miss it just because I was waiting for the hiccup to come!—Christian Work.

Knew Him First.

Our days of courtship were short and I had not any of my husband's relatives before we were married. Jane is fond of her uncle Fred and had not seen him for several months when he came home to visit, and I said: "You don't know this man, dear, do you?"

Jane readily answered: "That's my uncle. I knowed him 'fore you did."—Exchange.

Natural Question.

Two recent arrivals in a small country town entered a druggist's shop to buy some duster for coloring a wall in their new residence.

A nervous-looking assistant came forward.

In reply to the question: "Do you keep duster?" he stammered: "Is it, is it for dogs?"

Dogs Brought Them Together.

A new family had moved into our neighborhood. They had a small boy and also a dog. Our son had a dog. The first day the boys became chummy.

On being asked how they got acquainted so soon, son said: "O, our dogs introduced us."—Exchange.

Honey of High Food Value.

Honey is one of the most concentrated foods. Most foods contain a certain amount of indigestible matter which is discharged from the system in the form of waste. In honey a fraction of 1 per cent only is actual waste.

ANCIENT CELTIC BELL FOUND

Believed by English Archeologists to Have Been Buried for Hundreds of Years

The Celtic festival of St. Bridget was revived recently at Glastonbury, the first time for centuries that the anniversary has been observed. A service was held in the ancient chapel of St. Patrick, at the entrance of the abbey ruins, with its pre-reformation stone altar. Rev. Lionel S. Lewis, vicar of the parish, and a keen Celtic student, announced that there had recently been discovered in an old oak box from a farmhouse on the moors a curious bronze bell which proved to be identical in construction with St. Patrick's bell, so venerated in Dublin.

The British museum authorities pronounced it to be undoubtedly an ancient Celtic bell. According to tradition, St. Bridget, when she went from Glastonbury to Ireland, left behind a bell, and that discovered has every appearance of being the identical bell. It was wrapped in extremely old linen.

The "Angelus" was rung on the bell at the close of the service by Mother Eve, superior of the Order of St. John, the Baptist, St. Mary and St. Catherine. The tone of the bell was very rich and musical.—London Mail.

WORK THAT REQUIRES SKILL

Efficient Handling of Submarine Vessel Calls for Ability of the Highest Order

The commander of a submarine must lie in wait for his quarry, with the nose of his boat pointing in the direction where he expects the enemy's vessel to pass. Then he has to estimate the speed of the approaching ship and her distance and to fire the torpedo at the point where he calculates she will have arrived when the torpedo has finished its run.

A naval officer says: "If any one wishes to appreciate some of the difficulties of submarine work let him sit down under a chair or any portion of the guns, suspended from the ceiling; let him punch a hole in it, and above the hole place a piece of mirror inclined at 45 degrees."

"Let him further imagine his chair and glass are moving sideways as the effect of tide. Let him occasionally fill the room with steam to represent mist. Let him finally crumple the chart into ridges to represent the waves, and then try to carry out the maneuvers that look so simple when the chart is spread out on the table and looked down upon in the quiet solitude of a well-lit room."

Greeting Him Sweetly.

We had a dog. I called him "Little Boy." He was a great pet. Whenever he wished to come into the house he would stand up and rattle the door knob with his paw.

One afternoon I heard a fumbling at the knob. I hurried to the door, but had some difficulty in opening it. The fumbling became more insistent.

"Just a minute, Little Boy," I called out. "Bad, bad Little Boy, not to wait one tiny bitty minute."

I pulled the door open. The janitor gazed at me in blank amazement. He was repairing the screen.—Chicago Tribune.

Bird Brought Calm Weather.

Fung, a fabled weather bird, of royal lineage, long-tailed and green of hue, has become one of the valued bits of property aboard the Oriental liner President McKinley, says Leo Matthews, purser. Fung dates his origin back to a family of regal birds of the province of Hunan, China.

At any rate, Fung brought summer weather to the last round trip of the liner. Soon after the ship left Yokohama the wind rose and lashed the sea into combers. Fung perched on the compass. Immediately calm prevailed and summer skies accompanied the ship through 8,000 miles.—Portland Oregonian.

Couldn't Quite Place Him.

George Arliss never tires of recalling an incident which occurred while he was acting the title role in Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli."

An earnest young lady in Philadelphia sought out Owen Wister, the novelist, and told him that she had planned to see "Disraeli," says Mr. Arliss, "but she first would like to read up on him." Here she found herself in great difficulty.

"You see, Mr. Wister," she said, "I know he is in the Bible, but I'm not sure whether he appears in the Old or the New Testament."—New York Herald.

Tracing Migration of Fish.

To get a record of the migratory movements of cod, pollock and haddock, the United States Bureau of Fisheries plans extensive experiments in the Gulf of Maine. Many of these fishes will be caught and numbered and metal tags will be clamped on their tails. They will then be released to go their own way. Where they go will be revealed later when fishermen netting the tagged specimens report the number and place where the fishes are caught.

Cattle Raising in Africa.

Southeast Africa, that part included in the British possessions, is reported to be as rich in natural grasses as any choice part of the world. It is too valuable for the rearing of cattle for slaughter; but it is predicted that in the next generation Africa will be the greatest cattle-producing country in the British dominions and in 50 years one of the greatest in the world.

"Grocery" Stores.

Webster's dictionary gives as one of the meanings of the word "grocery" in the United States a "retail grocer's store." It is quite correct to use it in this sense and to pluralize it, so as to make it unnecessary to say "grocery stores," just as we have "bakeries," etc.

"Colds" and Their Causes.

It is estimated that there are at least 100,000,000 colds in a year in this country, which is said to make it the most common infectious disease among our people. In this connection it also states that colds do not come from drafts or chills, as many believe, but that the draft and chill merely help things along by making it easier for the transmitted germ to get in its work.

Soap Making.

The art of soap making is very old. Pliny refers in his writings to both hard and soft soap. Remains of a soap maker's shop were discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. Before the invention of soap making the juices of certain plants were used as cleansing agents. Fuller's earth was also used, the method being to spread it over the garment to be cleaned and then to stamp it in with the feet.

Monster Planet.

Everything connected with the sun is staggeringly big. Those little dark sun-spots which you peer at cautiously through the medium of a smoked glass are, most of them, many thousands of miles across. One was measured and found to have a diameter of 13,000 miles—which means that the earth could have been pitched into it like a golf ball into a pail of water.

Many of Us Misplaced.

It's a funny old world where most of us are misplaced. For instance, "Whom" has been elected chief of the Apache Indians, whereas he ought to be captain of your wife's expense account.—Pittsburgh Post.

"Children" and "Issue."

While all children are issue, all issue are not necessarily children. To illustrate, all the children of deceased may be dead, but their children would still be issue—not children, but grandchildren of the ancestor.

Effect of Wind on Matter.

Exciting motion pictures and plays cause the temperatures of audiences to rise and result in the throwing off of bodily heat. Some theaters lower the heat supply as the act approaches the climax.

Metal Long in Use.

Tin is found in the East Indies, Bolivia and Cornwall; in cassiterite or tin-stone, a compound of tin and oxygen. Tin was known to the ancients. It has been found in Egyptian tombs.

Mother Love Supreme.

The mystery of a mother's love, the sensitiveness of her sympathy, the vastness of vision of her intuition, the sublimity of her self-sacrifice can never be surpassed.—Dr. Alexander Lyons.

At Least, One May Attempt.

The poorest tune or hymn that ever was sung is better than no tune and no hymns. It is better to sing than to be dumb, however poor the singing may be.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Superlative Ill-Breeding.

There is an ill-breeding to which, whatever our rank and nature, we are almost equally sensitive—the ill-breeding that comes from want of consideration of others.—Julius Lytton.

Small Boy's Idea.

A juvenile companion, having observed the corner stone of a public building inscribed "A. D. 1912," made the statement, "I suppose that means 'All done, 1912.'"

To Clean a Solitaire.

To clean a diamond ring satisfactorily, take a tiny soft feather and pull it back and forth between the prongs of the ring and under the diamond.—Designer.

Royal Flower Gifts Barred.

There is an old superstition in the British royal family that if a king or queen is to marry, they must be lucky for a royal lover to send presents of flowers to his bride-to-be.

Strange.

A feminine lecturer on psychology advertised herself as "the woman who never wastes a word." This strikes us as something new in femininity.

Long Straw Aim of Dutch Threshers.

Dutch threshing machines are designed to preserve, as far as possible, the length of the straw, which is used in making strawboard.

Irrigation on Large Scale.

Irrigation in South America sometimes demands storing of sufficient water to supply the people and crops for a period of thirty months.

Why There Are Many Colonels.

In this part of the country when a man of any prominence reaches the age of sixty he becomes a colonel automatically.—New Orleans States.

Hairs of the Ages.

We are the legatees of all the genius of the past; how few of us appreciate our good fortune.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Those Numerous "Probe."

If half of the world does not know how the other half lives it is not because it isn't trying to find out.—Canton News.

Worst of All Fates.

One job worse than being a wife is working in a restaurant where it is always meal time.—Reading Times.

Stray Bits of Wisdom.

Afflictions are like lightning; you cannot tell where they will strike until they have fallen.—Lancet.

One of the most noted Bibles is the "blood" Bible, the work of Frederick von Trenk. Confined in chains by Frederick the Great, as punishment for making love to the king's sister, the Princess Amelia, Trenk inscribed two hundred blank pages in his Bible with love sonnets in honor of the princess, every word being written in his own blood.

Lines to Remember.

Most of us seem to be hastening through the years weighted with the consciousness that more is being exacted of us than we can ever properly accomplish, until human life is fast threatening to resolve itself into a ceaseless pursuit of the things that are destined to remain undone. What shelter to grow ripe is ours? What leisure to grow wise?—Davies Hicks.

Tree Is a Bridge.

The greatest wonder of the Petrified forest is the agate bridge. This is a huge tree trunk, 100 feet long, spanning a 60-foot chasm, says Nature Magazine. The entire tree is made up of agates, jaspers, chalcedony, and other highly colored and handsome stones. In the canyon directly below the agate bridge is a pool of water, and around it grow the only trees in the whole country.

Proper Adjustment.

A little girl at Swopie park Saturday afternoon was severely criticized by her mother for feeding popcorn to the goats from a pasteboard box. The child remonstrated that the goats were hungry. "Yes," said the mother, "but you should have given the popcorn to the ducks, and let the goats have the box."—Kansas City Star.

Peculiar Rent Payment.

The tenants of Hampton Bishop, Herefordshire, England, pay their rent with stakes. This is a practice that has been followed since old feudal days of centuries past. Each householder must gather each year six horse loads of stakes from Hay wood. The stakes are used for penning sheep at the Hereford fair.

First Record of Motor Car.

The first record of a motor-propelled road vehicle dates back to 1769, when a steam operated car was invented by Captain Nicholas J. Cugnot, a Frenchman. In 1845 and 1847, a pneumatic tire was patented by R. W. Thompson, in England. Gasoline was discovered in 1869.

Lake a Gold and Silver Cache.

The sacred Lake Quetzalva, in Colombia, is credited with having been the dumping place of huge stores of gold and silver articles, thrown in by the Indians so they should not fall into the hands of their grasping Spanish conquerors.

Titian Home Monument.

The home at Pieve di Cadore in which the great painter Titian was born has been proclaimed a national monument by the government, as has been the birthplace of the poet and dramatist Count Vittorio Alfieri at Asti.—Scientific American.

Mountain Passes Easy for Tractor.

Automobile tractors, similar to the type used in the successful tour across the Sahara desert, recently were operated in the Pyrenees in France, to an altitude of 1725 meters. The little machines surmounted a mountain pass in deep snow.

A Python's Long Fast.

A monster python, at the London zoo recently broke a two and a half years' fast by devouring a pigeon. He celebrated the feat by eating three more at one meal. Snakes have notoriously erratic appetites.

Justice Above All.

The sentiment of justice is so natural, so universally acquired by all mankind, that it seems to be independent of all law, all party, all religion.—Voltaire.

Long Dance.

The longest dance authentically known is that of William Kemp, who, when seventeen, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, danced from London to Norwich.

It is a bird of New Zealand, the kiwi, a chicken hawk, has been found to eat thousands of sheep. It is a chicken hawk, has been found to eat thousands of sheep. It is a chicken hawk, has been found to eat thousands of sheep.

A Bad Error.

The lives of many are ruined by the fatal delusion that the more one possesses the more one enjoys.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Nowhere to Go but Home.

Mild pleasures and palaces though we may roam, they all close at last and we have to go home.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Or the Price the Owner Paid.

It is astonishing how quickly the merit of a picture can be determined—after we know the artist's name.—Boston Transcript.

Fakehoods Blacken House.

In Turkey, when any man is the author of notorious falsehoods, they blacken the whole front of his house.

Bottled Boasles.

English Ad—Special cows kept for infants and invalids, and delivered in bottles.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Nothing to Brag Of.

An advertisement reads: "The best nuts are grown in America." True enough, but why brag about 'em?

Elaborate Tattooing.

A feature of Maori land is tattooing. Some of the extraordinary facial features take six years to complete.

Thought for the Day.

Some people spend more thought and energy in justifying a bad habit than in forming a good habit.

New Use for Walnut Shells.

Walnut shells, which hitherto have been regarded as waste matter, are now made into charcoal.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Let Them Cut Labels.

The next rainy day, when the children are clamoring for something to do, set them to cutting out the illustrations of peaches, pears, apples and other fruits or vegetables from seed catalogues. Save these pictures to paste on your fruit cans. They can be identified in a dark closet more readily than the ordinary printed labels.

Time Properly Spent.

What is meant by redeeming time? It is to fill the hours full of richest freight, to fill them with the life of thought, feeling, action, as they pass by. One moment of self-conquest, one good action really done, yes, one effort to do right, really made, has the seal of time put upon it.—James Freeman Clark.

Fixed for After Life.

A wise man was saying good words about coeducation, and suggested that a young couple might as well become engaged during college days. When asked why, he replied: "Then, for instance, if the girl specializes on mathematics, the boy can take cooking lessons."

Present to Past.

When a new literature succeeds, it obscures the effect of an earlier one, and its own effect predominates; so that it is well, from time to time, to look back. What is original in us is best preserved and quickened if we do not lose sight of those who have gone before us.—Goethe.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 5, 1873

The grand crowning desire of Hercules Engine Company, No. 7, has at length been obtained, and their new steam fire engine Hercules now ornaments their pleasant house on Howard street. The steamer arrived Monday afternoon from Pawtucket, where it was built, and was taken immediately to the house of Hook and Ladder Co. on Long Wharf. She was there taken in charge by the Sevens and accompanied by the Newport Band and the entire fire department, Capt. A. L. Burdick in command, escorted all over the city. The procession lasted three hours. The new steamer was drawn by six horses and completely buried in flags. The old engine, drawn by four horses, was given an honorable place in the procession.

In the evening a grand banquet was given in the Academy of Music in honor of the important event. Toasts were drunk and addresses were made by Benjamin P. Tanner, Robert S. Franklin, Gen. A. L. Burdick, Henry W. Cozzens, and a host of others. On the whole it was a great occasion.

The glorious old Fourth of July, which the boys love so, well and which all Americans feel in duty bound to observe in some unusual way, has come, its importance duly acknowledged, and the usual noisy demonstrations been enacted. The procession, under command of Col. John Hare Powell, was one of the largest ever seen in Newport. The literary exercises took place at the Opera House; the Declaration of Independence was read by Christopher M. Lee of the High School, the Old Folks Glee Club sang the Star Spangled Banner, Rev. C. E. Barrows of the First Baptist Church offered prayer, and Col. Francis Brinley delivered an eloquent historic oration. The day passed off in a most enthusiastic manner.

The talk of a dull season at Newport with few people present seems not likely to be realized, for people are coming as never before, and it will not be long before the old town will be full.

A flock of sheep, belonging to Judge Osborn of Tiverton was run into Tuesday evening by Conductor Harrington's train on the way to Newport and six of them killed.

The new express train from Newport to the White Mountains in New Hampshire went into operation Wednesday.

The new and handsome schooner, Nathan F. Dixon has arrived and entered on her tri-weekly trips between Newport and Block Island. This new boat opens up a new era for the people of that "Lone Isle of the Sea."

In the New Hampshire Legislature Tuesday a bill was introduced making it unlawful for any circus to enter the state, and imposing a fine of \$1000. Also a bill to allow women to vote in school district meetings. This after some discussion was indefinitely postponed.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 9, 1898

The Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati held its annual meeting at the State House Monday according to custom, with a goodly attendance. The venerable Dr. Nathaniel Greene presided. The Society adjourned to meet in Newport October 19, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, to meet the New York Commissioners, who will bring for interment the bodies of Col. Christopher Greene and Major Ebenezer Flagg, of the Rhode Island line of the Continental Army, who were buried during the Revolution in New York.

Today is the one hundred and twenty-first anniversary of the capture of Gen. Prescott by Col. Barton, and the patriotic societies have arranged for a proper celebration of the day. This will be in the form of a picnic at the Prescott place in Portsmouth. The affair is in the hands of a committee consisting of Mr. R. H. Tilley, Dr. E. P. Robinson and Mr. David Stevens.

The Steamer General of the Wickford line is doing a thriving business. The steamer makes six trips each way daily and many people go across to Wickford just for the excursion.

Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll and Mrs. Henry G. Marquand have ordered a number of insect, reptile and dew-proof curtains, which have been sent to the New York regiments encamped at Chickamauga.

Chauncey Depew started for Newport on Wednesday. He has taken one of the Pinard cottages for the season, and proposes to begin a series of dinners there at once.

Col. John H. Wetherell was Chief Marshal and Lieut. A. J. DeBlais Chief of Staff, in the big procession on Fourth of July. The day was intensely hot but the procession, which was one of the biggest ever seen in Newport, marched over the long route without faltering.

The first meeting of the Town and Country Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. William B. Rogers next Friday. The President, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, will preside, and will give a paper entitled "Sixty Years of Newport."

The dumbest men in the United States today are those who were accustomed to sneer at our navy as a "pretty show" when detachments of it appeared in Newport," says the Providence Journal.

Good sized scup are being caught in the Saconnet River in large quantities.

Having been a part of the United States, President McKinley signed the annexation of Thursday night. Newport has always taken a great interest in the Sandwich Islands. Many of the early Yankee settlers on

that Island went from here and many of their descendants still remain there.

There will be no cruise of the New York Yacht Club this year owing to the small number of yachts in commission.

That's All.

One day the small son of an executive in our firm sends his father a visit. On arriving home he informed his mother, "Mamma, daddy doesn't work down at the office. He just sits there and first a man comes in and sits down and he talks to him a long time and then another man comes in and he talks to him, and that's all he does all day."

Faithless Husbands Evade Law.

Wife deserters in Nottingham, England, cannot be arrested on Sunday, according to the statutes. As a consequence 60 per cent of the warrants taken out against wife deserters are not served, though a reward is placed on the head of each man. The faithless husbands leave the city on Monday morning and do not return again until Sunday.

Contents of Pound Loaf of Bread.

A pound loaf of bread contains about eight ounces of starch, which serves as fuel for the body; one and a half ounces of protein, which in addition to serving as fuel helps to build and repair the body machinery; one ounce of water and a half ounce of fat, sugar and mineral substances, which latter help to make bones and teeth.

Just One Hour Each Day.

An hour wasted daily on trifles or indolence would, if devoted to self-improvement, make an ignorant man or woman wise in a few years, and, employed in good works, would make a life fruitful and death a harvest of worthy deeds. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement will be felt at the end of a year.—Samuel Smiles.

Nature, Great Teacher.

The problem of our rapidly vanishing forests offers only one example of the result of ignorance and false ideas, says Nature Magazine. Give to the child of today an opportunity to acquire an intimate knowledge of nature's ways, and future generations will avoid many of the mistakes of those gone before.

As It Used to Be.

Headline in exchange: "Cop Arrested for Taking Bribe." We are reminded of the old joke about policemen having a snap, because the public pays them for protection from vice, and vice pays them for protection from the public.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Both at One Throw.

J. H. M. writes: "What a saving of time and other things there would be if a fellow could take his first ocean voyage and his first smoke at the same time."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Sheffield Steel Supreme.

Sheffield is still credited with making the best steel in the world. Its virtues are attributed partly to the secrets known only to the manufacturers, and partly to the water used in tempering it.

Bank Doors Shut Easily.

The doors of the Bank of England are so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a button under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process.

Oldest Log House.

The first known log house, built by white men within the bounds of what is now Colorado, was erected in 1816 for a troop of Spanish cavalry patrolling the Arkansas, near the site of Pueblo.

Odd Museum.

The Waldes museum in Prague is a button museum founded by a Bohemian button manufacturer. It is devoted to a collection of dress-fastening devices of all kinds and of all periods.

Only One Thing Lasting.

Man, it is not thy works—which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least—but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.—Carlyle.

Wanted It Set.

To the clerk who had just sold her a thermometer a woman said: "Would you be so kind as to set it at 63? That's about what the doctor says I'm to keep the room at."

Bath for the Plants.

Your household plants will flourish and bloom if you give them a bath about once a month in water to which ammonia has been added—say a teaspoon to a quart of liquid.

Lark in a Sure Way.

"It ain't no good larkin at yo' luck," said Charcoal Eph, in a mood. "All yo' got 'o do in dis hyer world an' wrap yo' gaiters aroun' a pick an' sing an' dig."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Freedom.

No slavery can be abolished without a double emancipation, and the master will benefit by freedom more than the freedman.—Huxley.

When Butter Was Cheap.

Butter was used by the ancients at times as fuel.

Thought for the Day.

Keep your clouds out of other people's sky.

Out of the Mouths of Kids.

"Aw, that's easy! I'll bet my dad could do it with his little finger!"

Finds Gas Shut Off; Can't Keep Bargain

Chicago. — Oscar Schultz, whose cheese store recently was closed by his creditors, walked into a police station and asked to be arrested for breach of contract. He explained he sold his \$1,000 insurance policy to Arnold Bent for \$5, with the promise that he would go home and commit suicide by gas. After receiving the \$5 in a saloon he wended his way homeward to turn on the gas.

"I wish to be arrested for breaching a contract," he said. "I promised to commit suicide, but I ain't paid my gas bill and the company turns it off. My \$5 is all spent—no pay, no gas, no gas, no die."

How German Artificial Silk Gains.

Recently published statistics show that in 1922 Germany produced 6,000,000 kilos of artificial silk. The average monthly production at the beginning of the year was 350,000 kilos, but by the end of the year it had reached 600,000 kilos. The export amounted to 160,000 kilos. The average monthly export at the beginning of 1922 was 100,000 kilos, but it had risen to 200,000 kilos a month by the end of the year. Consul E. Verne Richardson, Berlin, states.

Do Ordinary Duties Well.

Do not strap at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Not Much Different From Humans.

African gorillas live in little villages, build their shacks of twigs and branches of trees, and in many respects resemble the native Zulus.

Thought for the Day.

There are two sides to every question—our side and the wrong side.

Musket Balls as Legal Tender.

Musket balls were legal tender as farthings in Boston in 1835.

Wisdom Is Not All.

He who is only wise lives in gloom.—Voltaire.

Worldliness.

In the love of money, and the wisdom of this world, business is proposed, then the urgency of affairs push forward, nor can the mind in this state discern the good and perfect will of God concerning us.—John Woolman's Journal.

Rev. Samuel A. Livingston, pastor of the Grace M. E. Church of Taunton, Mass., crossed the Atlantic serving as a cattle tender and signed up for the voyage the same as any of the cattle tenders. After visiting the British Isles, he will tour the Continent and is not expected to arrive back until after Labor Day.

Oh, You Cynic.

J. M. writes: "Someone predicts that this is to be a bad year for bachelors. Does that mean that a lot of them are going to get married?"—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Massachusetts House concurred with the Senate in adopting an order for a special recess commission to study coal problems, after most of the Republican leaders had taken the floor to defend the measure from attacks by Democrats.

Some Men's Ambitions.

Men have various desultory ambitions, but the distinction for which they really yearn is that of knowing an actress or two and a couple of head waiters.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Frosting Light Bulbs.

Make a strong solution of alum in water and dip the bulbs into it, allowing the alum to crystallize on the glass. The solution may be colored with various dyes to give a more pleasing effect.

A Word in His Favor.

The man who is always going to do something big tomorrow should at least be given credit for continuing to believe that there is a chance left for him.

All Married in One Day.

At Plougastel, a small town in Brittany, all the weddings of the year are celebrated on one day. Sometimes as many as 40 bridal couples go to the altar simultaneously.

Remarkable Journey.

My nephew, six, went under ether for an operation. After he came out of it, he was greatly frightened and held tight to his mother, sobbing: "Oh, mother, I—I was all gone—nowhere at all!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Instincts of the Birds.

The young of many species of birds migrate southward before their parents and make the journey without any memory of the route to guide them.

Styles in Gingham.

Gingham gowns are embellished with cross-stitch embroidery and narrow edgings and frills of organdie. The colors are as brilliant or subdued as one desires.

Good Model.

Tommy entered the village store with an assured air and said to the man: "I want a lamp globe, and mother says she would like it as strong as the bacon she bought here yesterday."—Good Hardware.

To The Rhode Island Public

Do you know what the Rhode Island telephone girl really thinks of her job? What has she said herself?

In the entire State of Rhode Island—with its average of 883 student operators, operators, operating clerks, and supervisors—during the year ending February, 1923, not one resigned from the service giving as her reason dissatisfaction with her pay.

One assigned as her reason dislike of the hours. Two said they disliked the work. Three gave no explanation. The other 105 gave other reasons, of which marriage was chief.

New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

GEORGE H. DRESSER, General Manager.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

June 27th, 1923.

Estate of Annie McCormick. CHRISTOPHER J. MCCORMICK, Administrator of the estate of Annie McCormick, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased for allowance, which account contains a claim against the estate of said deceased for the balance of the estate of said deceased, and the same is received and referred to the Probate Court for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for four teen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport.

June 27th, 1923.

Estate of Bridget Sullivan. NOTICE is hereby given that William E. Sullivan and Henry P. Sullivan, Executors of the will of Bridget Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased, are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning June 30th, 1923.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Arnold James

NOTICE is hereby given that the will of Arnold James, late of Middletown, R. I., deceased, has been proved and admitted to record by the Probate Court of said Middletown, and that Ezra S. James has given bond and duly qualified as such administrator.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Arnold James are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Probate Court, within six months from June 30, 1923, the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I.

June 18, 1923.

Estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall. ALBERT L. CHASE, the Administrator on the estate of Sarah C. Coggeshall, widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his second and final account with said estate, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the town hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the sixteenth day of July next, A. D. 1923, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court, Middletown, R. I.

June 18, 1923.

Grouchiness Defined. The word grouch, meaning grumbling, discontent, dates from 1400. There is nothing really definite known as to its origin, but it is supposed to be a combination of growl and speech. Certainly the man with a grouch begins almost every speech with a growl.

Odd Superstition.

In remote parts of England are still to be seen cottages with sloping walls. They were built slightly out of the true on account of a curious superstition that if a house was built exactly square it was bound to collapse.

Art Is Workmanship.

Once more let me make it clear that by art, instructed thinkers do not only mean pictures or quaint and curious things, or necessarily costly ones, certainly not luxurious ones. They mean worthy and complete workmanship, by competent workmen.—W. R. Lethaby.

Plea for Co-operation.

If more men would try to break their own records and fever to get ahead of the other fellow, there would result that kind of competition which would spell progress in capital letters. In the end very little is gained by downing somebody else.—Exchange.

COKE FOR SALE

\$13.50 Per Ton Delivered
\$12.00 Per Ton at Works
60 cents per hundred pounds

Newport Gas Light Co

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

LEGAL NOTICE

Abble L. Germaine vs. Joseph H. Germaine

Divorce

NOTICE is hereby given that on MONDAY, the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1923, at two thirty o'clock p. m., at the Office of T. A. Sullivan, Realty Building, Newport, R. I., I shall take the depositions of witnesses in the above entitled cause, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court, entered on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1923.

Said Joseph H. Germaine therefore is hereby notified to appear at said time and place, if he so see fit, to put cross interrogatories to such deponents.

ROBERT M. FRANKLIN, Standing Master in Chancery.

June 30-41

Pronunciation Changes.

Pronunciation of common English words changes from time to time. In Queen Anne's reign "oil" was pronounced "ile" by well-educated people, and it was also the fashion to pronounce "are" as though it were "ale."



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